

MARCH 7, 1903.

The
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The Assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the Balance Sheet, are £47,155,201, being an increase of £3,863,175 over those of 1901.

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The Literary Week.

THE publications of the week have not been important: more books about Shakespeare, Lives of Bret Harte and George Douglas Brown, a popular work on Hegel and Hegelianism, and the usual abundance of novels, including Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book, "Lady Rose's Daughter," which was issued serially in Harper's magazine. Short stories may or may not be popular, but authors continue to produce them. Mr. Henry James has published a volume containing eleven under the title "The Better Sort"; Mr. Israel Zangwill a volume containing eight, called "The Grey Wig," and Mr. A. C. Benson a volume containing twelve, under the title "The Hill of Trouble." Among the other publications of the week we note the following:—

LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER. Vol. III. Translated by W. Ashton Ellis.

Covering the years 1849 to 1852-3, of which period Mr. Ellis writes: "Were the whole body of Wagnerian documents destroyed save those relating to the years 1849 to 1852-3, from them alone we might reconstitute the import of his life. For this period, so rich in psychologic and æsthetic interest, so amply illuminated by authentic records, many of them accessible only in quite recent days, I have therefore allowed myself the luxury of an unstinting hand. This "unstinting hand" has resulted in the expansion of Herr Glasenapp's original hundred pages into the five hundred contained in this volume.

THE TALE OF A TOUR IN MACEDONIA. By G. F. Abbott.

Mr. Abbott went to Macedonia under the auspices of the University of Cambridge to study the folk-lore of that country. The results of those researches will be published later in a special work. The present volume deals with the author's experiences of men, women, and Government officials. His aim, he tells us, "has been merely to describe things as they presented themselves to his own eyes, without favour and without fear." The volume has particular interest at the present time.

THE LIFE OF BRETT HARTE. By T. Edgar Pemberton.

The first three chapters are headed, "Boyhood: 'Floundering';" "First Flights: 'Struggling';" "In Life's Stream: 'Swimming.'" Mr. Pemberton has collected much interesting material concerning both the early and later years of Bret Harte's life, and has presented it clearly and appreciatively. The letters of Bret Harte to various correspondents are just such letters as we should have expected from the author of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"; they are kindly, human, and often full of boyish fun.

WE have to record, with deep regret, the death of Mr. John Henry Shorthouse. Mr. Shorthouse's name stands high in the literary annals of our time. He was always an absolutely sincere worker, and cared nothing for the popularity which may be attained by almost any man who chooses to make capital out of a first success. "John Inglesant," perhaps, was never a popular book in the ordinary sense, but it was a book which left its mark; its spiritual quality had an appeal that was bound to touch such readers as took into serious account the eternal conflict between the spirit and the flesh. Mr. Shorthouse was an artist whose lapses were part of his quality; but what his work lost in art was often gained in strength. "The Little Schoolmaster Mark" was, in some respects, an artistic failure; yet it lives in the memory with something of the insistent recurrence of music. "The Countess Eve" was a story slight, indeed, but full of the emotional and spiritual suggestion of which Mr. Shorthouse was a master. In that delicate suggestive faculty he approached Nathaniel Hawthorne more nearly than any writer whom we can recall. The greater part of his working life was spent in business; he gave to literature only of his intellectual best. Of the real value of that best we can say nothing more here. There are no doubt many readers to-day to whom Mr. Shorthouse's name is almost unknown; reputation crowds out reputation, and the strong, still man is lost sight of. But when many names now more prominent have been forgotten, the name of John Henry Shorthouse will be remembered and loved.

THE little birthplace of Shakespeare in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, stands now cheek to cheek with two gabled and timbered houses of which the age is disputed, but the proportions and appropriateness are obviously right. And even as to their age, the Mayor of Stratford owns that a stable of Shakespearean antiquity was built into one of the little houses. They are condemned to the pick-axe, and their place is to be taken by a new free library, to be built by the munificence of Mr. Carnegie. Our national enthusiasm for free libraries has sensibly cooled of late; but even granting that the library in question is a boon to Stratford, and nothing but a boon, the building should surely not be set up, tall, new, and altogether different as it must needs be, on the ground near to the small house of Shakespeare, ground so fitly occupied now by the doomed cottages.

THE attempt to stop demolitions has generally proved futile. Streets in Chelsea have had to go; Kensington High Street has had to go; there has been short work made of Westminster. Whether for utility, or on the plea of "opening out a view," the last strong old wall, the last gable in London, will fall. But there is only one Henley Street, and surely a unique "artificial" interference with the laws of change might be hazarded in that one little plot of English earth. A few feet only are in question. Miss Marie Corelli, Lady Colin Campbell, and Miss Ellen Terry have made an appeal in the press, metropolitan and provincial; Miss Terry suggests that the library can be comfortably lodged in certain houses now standing. And surely there are men also who care. It is proposed to make a general literary protest. Mr. Carnegie and the Mayor are for the demolition and the new building, and a great majority of the people of the town are said to be against it. It is much to be wished that all the authors, say, taking part in the new Harvard Shakespeare, might lend their voices in protest; for Mr. Swinburne is one of them, and he speaks loud.

A CONTRIBUTOR to "Notes and Queries" has been writing on the subject of "Accuracy of Quotation." He pleads, of course, for correctness, though the examples of incorrectness which he quotes are rather uninteresting and unimportant. The writer proceeds:—

There are persons unprincipled enough to perpetrate a sin which, for want of a better term, we might call the reverse of plagiarism. It consists in putting forward as a quotation their own words, thinking, perhaps, that this plan gives them more weight, but never thinking of the useless trouble that may be given to those industrious searchers after truth who try to trace quotations to their origin.

Such trouble is, even when the quotation is genuine, often useless enough. There comes a point when annotation develops into utter boredom, and for the annotating bore we have no sympathy. We suspect that the sham quotation has sometimes been employed for the express purpose of misleading the barren annotator at whose hands we have all suffered too much.

THE "Monthly Review" prints, under the not very happy title of "A Morning's Work in a Hampstead Garden," an article by Mr. Sidney Colvin concerning Keats's Nightingale Ode. The autograph draft of the poem was given by Keats to his friend John Hamilton Reynolds; then it passed to Reynolds's sister, and through her to her two sons, Charles and Townley Green. The manuscript came up for sale at Sotheby's not very long ago, and was bought by the Earl of Crewe "at no extravagant price." The document is reproduced in

facsimile in the "Monthly Review," and Mr. Colvin says concerning it, "that we have in it Keats's true and original draft of the poem is certain." On which hypothesis he proceeds to point out certain trifling inaccuracies in Charles Brown's record of how and when the ode was written. But we fail to see how Mr. Colvin arrives at his certainty. The manuscript reproduced, so far as its own evidence goes, might very well be a second or third draft. Brown said that the ode was first written on "four or five" scraps of paper; the manuscript in question covers only two half-sheets of notepapers. In absence of further evidence we should be inclined to assume that Brown was right, and that Mr. Colvin's assumption as to this being a first draft, wrong. The matter is of no great importance, but it suggests the necessity of caution in such inquiries. The emendations and cancellings in the draft are of great interest, but for these readers must go to Mr. Colvin's article.

THE statistical problem of the last few days for one of our contemporaries has been the working out of the cable cost of Mr. Kipling's poem, "The Settler," in the "Times." Certain other papers have been telling Mr. Kipling that he ought to leave politics alone, and Mr. Christie Murray in his turn has been telling the gentlemen who express this view that they are "laddling out the waters of a muddled ignorance." As a matter of fact the poem contains no politics; it is wise and sane on the broad question of the future. We quote the two last stanzas:—

Bless then, our God, the new-yoked plough, and the good
beasts that draw,
And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brow according
to thy law:
After us cometh a multitude — prosper the work of our
hands
That we may feed with our land's food the folk of all
our lands!
Here in the waves and the troughs of the plains where
the healing stillness lies,
And the vast benignant sky restrains, and the long days
make wise—
Bless to our use the rain and the sun and the blind seed
in its bed,
That we may repair the wrong that was done to the living
and the dead!

THE "School World" prints an article on the "Systematic Study of Shakespeare in Schools." The writer pleads for Shakespeare study in ordinary secondary schools as well as in the upper forms, and she indicates the lines on which she considers such studies should be pursued. For ourselves, we consider Shakespeare peculiarly unsuited for ordinary school study; he presents difficulties which the young mind may, indeed, overcome, but usually at the expense of real appreciation. Let Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" be used, by all means, and let the child read the plays if he wants to read them. But we believe it, in many cases, to be a mistake to make the study of great literature into a kind of task-work.

THERE appeared in the "Times" of Tuesday the following paragraph under the heading "Garrick Theatre": "At the first performance of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play at this theatre, last night, our dramatic critic was refused admission." Enterprising journalists at once saw the possibilities of a pretty quarrel, and Mr. Bouchier was interviewed. Then it appeared that Mr. Jones had been deeply offended by certain criticisms of his plays which Mr. Walkley had written for the "Times," criticisms which, said Mr. Jones, "have degenerated into personalities and hints that scarcely

stop on the safe side of libel." Mr. Bourchier read the offending notices, and agreed with Mr. Jones, whereupon he wrote to the editor of the "Times," requesting that another critic should be sent to judge of the merits of "Whitewashing Julia." The editor of the "Times," however, took no notice of this communication; Mr. Walkley presented himself at the theatre, and was refused admission in the capacity of what Mr. Bourchier foolishly calls "dramatic reporter." The case as it stands seems to suggest that Mr. Jones is unnecessarily sensitive to criticism and that Mr. Walkley is rather unenterprising. Was there no seat to be bought in the house, no corner of pit or gallery, that Mr. Walkley should have deprived the readers of the "Times" of his illuminating comments on "Whitewashing Julia"? Any man who pays his money is at liberty to criticise a play as much as he likes, in print or out of it. The position of the editor of the "Times" was, of course, perfectly clear; a paper is not to be dictated to as to the critic whom it chooses to select. We seem to be approaching a time when the managers of theatres will exclude all those dramatic critics who have shown that it is their habit to express honest and independent opinions.

THE writer who is responsible for the Collects, to which we have referred before, in the Philadelphia "Conservator," continues to pour forth his five-column staccato utterances. The latest begins thus:—

Toilers and talkers. How much of you is toil and how much of you is talk? How much of you is simply lip and how much is simple deed? You go about the earth filling your days. But filling them with what? A thousand men may talk a thousand years and their world may still be void. The professional embalmers may deaden the social life in a sepulcher of words. Words. The beggar at the street corner may shame ten generations of talkers. For though the beggar only begs he does fulfil a primary law of life. But the talkers talk and talk destroys. Where have you taken your station? With the good dressers or the perfect chatterers? Do you like the people with clean hands and clean language who spend life between the pages of dictionaries and blue books? You like soft phrases. You like to take account of all the refinements. You think that a man who can speak in perfect English must have perfect morals. Your shrine is talk.

It is clear that this gentleman has no sense of humour.

THE "Letters to a Literary Aspirant" are continued in the current "Blackwood." The engaging uncle who advises his nephew deals with various forms of fiction, including the realistic:—

Realism attends to the ash-buckets, the smell of the fried-eel reservoirs, the bottle-nosed loafer propped against the wall.

And what would stick in your memory when you came in? Surely the two or three unexpected encounters, the incident that was a little different from other incidents.

Realism remembers the number of the lamp-posts passed, the pattern of the pavement flags, the specks of the everyday dust floating in the air.

And it is this that realism calls a picture of life. Hence the necessity for a special course of preparation before handling its delicate tools. The reiteration of the unimportant and the obliteration of the picturesque are the two aims you must keep steadily before your eye.

It all depends, of course, upon what is meant by realism. But "the reiteration of the unimportant and the obliteration of the picturesque" hits off skilfully certain forms of pseudo-realism. The word has come to have a narrow and arbitrary meaning for which it is rather difficult to account. There is a realism of beauty as well as of ugliness.

FROM "The Point of View" in "Scribner's Magazine" we extract the following:—

I heard the question brought up, the other day: "Why is it that a description of a painting, couched in terms of music, or of a musical composition, couched in visual terms, is so much more vivid and forceful than a description expressed in terms of the particular art with which it has specially to do?" Why, for instance, do such expressions as "an orchestra of colors," or "a flower-bed of tones," appeal so awakingly to the imagination?

"Of the truth of the statement," says the writer, "there can be no doubt." There is, however, every doubt; no writer of any real literary sense could use such a metaphor as "an orchestra of colors." The writer says later: "Your image must be not only apposite, but startling; it must compel the attention." That is a dangerous saying. From its application proceed those terrifying stridences which make a reviewer's life unhappy.

THE life of Bret Harte, just issued by Messrs. Pearson, has the following notice inserted in the review copies: "The publishers beg to draw attention to the fact that this copy is cut for the convenience of the Reviewer." We are thankful for this, though why so sensible a thing should have been done only in the case of this particular book we cannot conjecture.

MAXIM GORKY's latest play, "At the Bottom," experimentally produced in Moscow, was a great success. It deals with the dregs of the lodging-house and the street, and the regeneration of certain of the characters by means of the simple and loving humanity of an old ex-Siberian convict. The Moscow "Slovo" said of the play:—

This drama is a song; it is a hymn to humanity. It is awful and joyful. Seeing at the bottom decaying, abandoned people, you say to your conscience: "They are already dead; they no longer feel." And you are reconciled, at peace, whatever may happen to them.

But suddenly you retreat in horror. They are still alive!

A marvellous spectacle of indescribable beauty presents itself to our eyes. Beneath the mire, beneath filth, ugliness, vice, loathsomeness, horror, in a lodging-house, among the dregs—the human personality still lives!

MR. ANDREW LANG has been writing in the "Morning Post" on the subject of circulating libraries. Mr. Lang says: "The more you look, with a mind disengaged, at the mystery of circulating libraries, the more you perceive its roots extending into darkness and infinity, and understand that it has relations co-extensive with the universe." So it has, on general principles, but Mr. Lang, in common with many of us, has found it, in the country at least, of no practical value. Novels you can get by the score, but they are generally the "amateur drivel" which Mr. Lang presumes to have "an eternal attraction." Books which are not novels are to seek. You may ask for them, but you never get them. Mr. Lang concludes:—

Judicious book-buying on the side of the public would be, at least to some people, the most agreeable solution of the problem of how to get books. Unfortunately the whole house would not contain the books that should be purchased. "The peety is that, in this world, as God made it, ye canna hae a' things as ye would want them," says a philosopher in one of Mr. Stevenson's works. On this general conclusion the wearied intellect courts repose. And yet the ingenuity of man, if man will only exert his ingenuity, may yet find a way of improving lending libraries.

We doubt whether the ingenuity of man will ever attain such heights. The country circulating library does not exist for book lovers.

A SITE has been assigned for the memorial to the late Sir Walter Besant in the crypt of St. Paul's. Mr. George Frampton is to execute the work, and Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Austin Dobson have been appointed to decide upon a suitable inscription. Up to the end of last year the subscriptions amounted to about £330.

WE review in this issue Mr. Lennox's memoir of George Douglas Brown. As an instance of the work which a man in training for a novelist often has to do, the following is of interest:—

In 1899 . . . Brown undertook regular employment as sub-editor, as well as contributor to "Sandow's Magazine." He was responsible for several articles that appeared in its columns on such subjects as "Walt Whitman," "The Strong Man in Dumas's Fiction," "The Strength of Porthos," and the like.

THE matter of titles is always a difficult one for authors, particularly novelists. We know of one who has run through both the Bible and Shakespeare for a telling title, and failed to find one that fitted his book, which, we believe, is still nameless. But when the right title comes along there is no mistake about it. Such a title has been hit upon by the writer of a cookery book just issued by Mr. Unwin. "Please, M'm, the Butcher!" is a stroke of inspiration.

Bibliographical.

PROF. RALEIGH'S "Wordsworth" will be read, of course, with very considerable interest, and perhaps with some measure of curiosity. Is it possible to say anything new about the poet? Look at the number and the quality of the men who have written about him even in our own generation! One thinks at once of the lecture by Robertson of Brighton (published 1858), of George Brimley's essay (1860), of J. C. Shairp's (1868), of R. H. Hutton's (1871), of Prof. Masson's (1874), of Mr. Stopford Brooke's (in "Theology in the English Poets," 1874), of Mr. Matthew Arnold's (in introducing his selection from the poems, 1880), of the critical passages in Mr. F. W. H. Myers' "Wordsworth" (1881), of Mr. John Morley's introduction to the Poems (1888), of Prof. Dowden's "ditto" (1892-3), and so forth—to say nothing of the criticism in verse by Mr. Arnold, Mr. W. Watson, and the like. No doubt Mr. Raleigh will shed some new light upon the much-discussed topic; but the enterprise is arduous and bold.

I notice that the "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son," published in this country by Messrs. Methuen, does not bear the name of its author on its title-page. That name, to be sure, figures twice upon the cover; but I know at least one reviewer who, on the strength of the title-page alone, had been inclined to describe the book as anonymous, until the information on the binding was pointed out to him. I note the fact, because the omission of an author's name from a title-page is likely to lead to its omission in cataloguing, and thus add to the labours of bibliographers.

With reference to the forthcoming new edition of Sir G. W. Dasent's "Tales from the Norse," a literary gossip recalls the fact that a "Life" of John Delane, of "The Times," "by Sir G. W. Dasent," was announced some years ago by a well-known publishing firm. The "Life," we know, did not appear; but at Sir George's death Mr. Delane's voluminous correspondence passed into the hands of Mr. Arthur Irwin Dasent, who, it is to be hoped, will in due time give us the biography of the great Editor which his father seems to have projected.

Signor Ricci's promised English version of Dante's "Vita Nuova" will be the third that we have had within the last decade. That by C. S. Boswell, published in 1895, was a literal translation. That by Charles Eliot Morton was published over here in 1892. Signor Ricci naturally disclaims competition with D. G. Rossetti or Sir Theodore Martin, whose versions continue to be popular. Rossetti's was reprinted so recently as 1899, and Sir Theodore's reached a third edition just ten years ago.

Prof. Dowden's "Cymbeline" makes the third play which he has contributed to the "Arden Shakespeare." He began the edition with "Hamlet" (1899), which he followed up with "Romeo and Juliet" (1900). Then came the "Tempest" of Mr. Morton Luce (1901), the "King Lear" of Mr. W. J. Craig (1901), the "Julius Cæsar" of Mr. Michael Macmillan (1902), and the "Othello" of Mr. H. C. Hart (1903). The last-named was the first volume of the series in which the edition was announced as the "Arden," and Mr. W. J. Craig described as the "general editor."

Messrs. Isbister have sent out simultaneously the "Wolfville" and "Wolfville Days" of the American humourist, Mr. A. H. Lewis. The latter volume is, I believe, new on both sides of the water; but "Wolfville: a Story of the Far West," was issued in this country in 1897 by Messrs. Laurence and Bullen. Apparently it fell flat, though in my opinion well worthy of notice. Now Mr. Lewis has his chance.

Mr. W. M. Rossetti has been digging again in the wide field of his unpublished Rossettiana, and we are to have from him a volume of "Rossetti Papers, 1862-1870." It was only yesterday—so it seems to one—that he brought out "Pæ-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters," which included "Madox Brown's Diary" (1844-56) and the Journal of the "Pæ-Raphaelite Brotherhood" (1849-53), both of them well worth having.

There is some danger, it appears, of Mr. G. W. T. Omond, who is to tell us about "The Boer in Europe," being confounded with Mr. T. S. Omond, who is to give us "A Study of Metre"; and vice versa. Bookish people are not likely to make the mistake, for Mr. G. W. T. Omond has been before the public for a good many years. His account of the Lord Advocates of Scotland came out so long ago as 1883, followed in 1887 by "Arniston Memoirs," in 1892-96 by sundry fictions, and in 1897 by a little monograph on Fletcher of Saltoun. It was, I believe, in the last-named year that Mr. T. S. Omond "commenced author" (a vile phrase) with a brochure on "English Verse Structure." Since then, we have had from him "The Romantic Triumph" in one of Messrs. Blackwood's series.

Something pleasant is in store for us, apparently, in the "Shakespeare's Garden" of the Rev. J. H. Bloom. I take for granted that Mr. Bloom will not merely cover the same ground as that tilled by Canon Ellacombe in his "Plant Lore and Garden Craft of Shakespeare," brought out originally in 1878 and again in 1896 (enlarged, if I remember rightly). In this connection Mr. Roach Smith's "Rural Life of Shakespeare" will, no doubt, be remembered. We may assume, by the way, that the articles on Shakespeare's History-Dramas now appearing in "Macmillan's Magazine" will in due course figure in volume form. Some phases of the same subject were dealt with by T. P. Courtenay in a book issued in 1840, and by the Hon. A. Canning in a volume issued in 1884.

"The Bookman" makes the surprising statement that "The Red House" is the first novel from the pen of Mrs. Bland (E. Nesbit). How about "The Secret of Kyriels," published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett in 1898? I forget whether Mrs. Bland's "In Homespun," contributed to the "Keynote" Series, in 1896, was a story, or only a collection of stories.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Sir Walter Besant's *Magnum Opus*.

LONDON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Sir Walter Besant. (A. & C. Black. 30s. net.)

THE word survey has two opposed meanings: (1) a general view, and (2) a particular view. When Sir Walter Besant's "Survey of London" was projected, and for so long as he lived to work upon it, we supposed that its title would bear the second of these meanings. That would have been traditional. John Stow's "Survey" was a particular view of London, street by street; and its successive enlargements and imitations by Howell, Strype, Maitland and the rest, were Surveys in the same rigid sense. We now know that Sir Walter Besant's dream went further. A particular view, or Perambulation as he called it, did not satisfy his ambition, and his work was to include a series of historical volumes containing a general view, or History. He thus proposed two tasks, either of which might be deemed sufficient for half a life-time. It is true that during many years he had been qualifying himself for a great work on London, and that when at last he began it his hope and strength were unabated. It is not the less clear that the "Survey" of which we are now receiving fragments was a Sisyphean task that was bound to overwhelm and confuse his powers.

A new traditional "Survey" of London would be an orderly and particular account of all its streets and houses. On its orderliness, particularity and completeness its value would rest. It was for such a work that students looked when Sir Walter Besant's plan was announced. At that time, indeed, the emphasis was all on the perambulation; and we, among many, had a pleasing vision of the modern Stow, throned in his room in Soho Square, holding the threads of a vast and order-establishing registration of London. To-day it is quite unnecessary to blink the fact that we were never likely to receive such a work from Sir Walter Besant's hands. The reasons for this are entirely honourable to the author of the scheme; they form, indeed, a testimony to his insatiable love and zeal for London. The task was too big for his years; its details were too complexly alluring for his temperament. We have now had fragments of both sides of the "Survey"; of the Perambulation (in the "Fascination of London" series) and of the History (in the present volume). These show the texture of the whole, and we are frankly unable to regard them as parts of a work which, had it been completed, would have marked an epoch in the study of London.

The one work which would do that, and which is imperatively needed for the sake of the past and of the future, is a new and exhaustive Survey of London in John Stow's sense. For such a work the time is more than ripe. Stow's "Survey" attained its full growth in Strype's edition of 1756. Since then no new survey worthy of the name has been made, and it is well to understand that though the scheme begun by Sir Walter Besant has much interest, it did not promise any such result.

The nobly produced volume before us is simply a larger and more highly organised production of the type of the author's "London," "Westminster," "South London," and "East London." It has the excellences and defects of these books, both of which are due to that novelist attitude which Sir Walter Besant assumed to London's life and history. This it was that made him look always for effective episodes, this it was that made him interesting to the general reader rather than helpful to the inquisitive student. The present work on eighteenth century London may, however, be safely recommended to each; it has enough in it for each; it is, in short, a wonderfully good budget

of information, anecdote, description, and statistics. We go further, and say that no student can afford to be without it, though we have certain reservations to make. It is arranged under such heads as Historical Notes, The City and the Streets, Manners and Customs, Society and Amusements, Crime and Police, &c. It is in the twenty-one chapters on Manners and Customs that we find Sir Walter Besant at his best. We will illustrate his success by his composite portrait of an eighteenth century "cit":—

The question whether London was a more cheerful city—in other words, whether the people of London were more cheerful and happier—in the eighteenth century than now, has often been asked and never answered. For, in truth, cheerfulness or happiness depends entirely on the standard of life: we get what we desire, and we are happy; we cannot attain to what we think constitutes the most desirable form of life, and we are therefore discontented. Let us ask what the City man desired in 1760.

He desired, first, such a sufficiency of the world's goods as would keep at a reasonable distance the ever-present terror of bankruptcy and the debtors' prison. The contemplation of those places; the misery of wife and children when the breadwinner could earn no more; the coldness of old friends—especially that of the industrious apprentice himself, raised to the civic chair—towards the less fortunate or the less industrious in the Fleet and the King's Bench, acted as a constant stimulus to work moderation. The City man rose early and worked late; he lived frugally and spent little, till his money-bags began to fill out; he was decorous in his behaviour, moral in his sentiments, religious in observance; when he feasted it was at the expense of his Company.

His wife was like-minded; their pleasures were simple, the toast and muffins of the tea-table, a roast and a pudding for dinner; when they grew rich, Vauxhall or Marylebone once or twice in the year. The theatre they cared nothing about; the opera was beyond them; of art or literature they knew nothing; sometimes, as at Christmas, they would play a game of cards, say Pope Joan or Speculation; they attended the week-day sermon and the two services on Sunday. The wife knew a great many people in the City and paid her rounds of visits; in dress she affected the substantial citizen, and was dignified in silk or a gold chain. In the summer a drive to Tottenham or Walthamstow was a favourite pastime. As for her husband, he had his club to which he repaired either on stated evenings of the week or every evening. There were clubs of every kind; his, however, was the sober and steady kind, in which there was neither singing nor merriment. The members sat round the table and conversed in mannered and conventional speech, with great politeness and deference towards each other. They gave to each other what they most desired for themselves—the consideration due to credit and the reputation of soundness. This kind of London citizen was certainly as happy as a man can expect to be, because he got all he wished to get and died leaving a good round fortune. He died contentedly, knowing that he would "cut up" better than his friends expected; and that his memory would be, on that account, envied, admired, and respected.

Of such passages there are very many, and we need fill no more space to prove what everyone knows, that in Sir Walter Besant London found a very engaging descriptive historian. He was not a philosophical historian. Nor was he, as we have said, so helpful to studious readers as he might have been. He had a curious way, born of his novelist instincts, of covering up his tracks. Drawing his facts from a multitude of sources, he sometimes ladled them out in a you-may-take-it-from-me style which would have been perfectly right, indeed unnoticeable in an historical novelist, but which in any work professing to impart historical truth in the language of history is rather out of place. We observe that in the preface to this volume Sir Walter Besant particularly warns his readers not to ask him for his authorities:—

If it were required to name authorities for any statement advanced, or to give reasons for any conclusion, I could not, probably, do so, since the authority would lie hidden in some obscure history or some long-forgotten tedious novel.

This is a curious saying. Are we to accept as a sufficient voucher for a considerable body of information the fact that Sir Walter Besant derived it from old and obscure novels whose titles he had forgotten? If, as he points out, the forgotten novels of the eighteenth century are a treasury of hints and information (and he expressly puts them above those of Fielding and Smollett in this respect), he would have done us a real service in bringing their titles and authors' names to our notice. As it is, he found them in the twopenny box, "in the limbo of lost satires, forgotten poems," and there—perhaps not even there—they remain for us. Sir Walter Besant has only distilled their backgrounds and local colour drop by drop into his book, and each drop has melted imperceptibly into his general mass of information. But, as we have said, it was his novelist instinct that made him chary of setting up mile posts. So far does he indulge this reluctance, that not infrequently a well-known author sinks in Sir Walter's pages to the level of "a writer of the period," or some other impersonality. In the chapter on Servants an extract is thrown in to show how, even in the eighteenth century, the country girl coming up to London to enter service lost her rural simplicity, the "plain country Jane changing into a fine London madam." Any studious reader would like to know the source of this pithy description, but it is not here that he will learn that it is Defoe's. Under "Coffee Houses and Clubs" an excellent passage is introduced as from the "Journey Through England" of 1714. Why balk the reader by omitting the name of its author, John Macky, a man whose career has considerable interest and who numbered Swift among his readers? Who was the foreign traveller whose diary of 1760 is used in the chapter headed "Sundry Notes"? In a chapter on "Holidays" we have a paraphrase of an account written by "a certain visitor to London in 1831." There is quite enough in what follows to arouse the curiosity of a careful reader, but where is he to learn that the account thus imperfectly quoted—quite a document in its way—was written by one Thomas North, in "Read's Weekly" of January 9, 1731, and is quoted entire by Malcolm? Yet a small-type foot-note to this effect could not only have given this information, but it would have lent vitality and authenticity to the paraphrase. References to the "Tatler" and "Connoisseur" are seldom or never given with exactness. A list of amusements is taken from "a work published in 1786." Elsewhere much use is made of a pamphlet which is described as "the first of many 'Bitter Cries' as to the violence and the robberies carried on in the City of London." This "pamphlet" is evidently Defoe's last written work, but no inkling of the fact is vouchsafed. A versified note on the appearance of the country on the skirts of London in 1783, in the chapter on "The Extent and Aspects of the City," is very interesting for its photographic picture of the dreary builders' zone which was even then between London and the country. It is an unusual little document, but all we learn is: "It is a poet who speaks or sings." The poet was Charles Jenner, and the lines appear in his "Town Eclogue," first published, not in 1783, but in 1772. These are but a few instances, taken at random, of a needless reticence. A work of this kind has nothing to lose by generosity in the matter of foot-notes and references; but Sir Walter Besant seems to have dreaded them. It is a pity, because their absence deprives his books of much helpfulness, isolating them somewhat from their predecessors and successors.

Of the present lordly quarto volume it may be said that it fairly represents that "Survey" which Sir Walter Besant conceived, and which he used to refer to as his "magnum opus." It is a worthy literary monument to his deep knowledge and love of London.

Publisher and Authors.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORG JOACHIM GOSCHEN, PUBLISHER AND PRINTER OF LEIPZIG, 1752-1828. By his Grandson, Viscount Goschen. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Murray. 36s. net.)

VISCOUNT GOSCHEN, in these two bulky volumes, has set forth the career of his grandfather, a German publisher of the eighteenth century in the town of Leipzig; as recorded in his letters and business documents. Georg Joachim Goschen was no ordinary publisher—indeed, one may fairly say a very extraordinary publisher; and the record is put together with much skill and sense of selection. The elder Goschen became a publisher when German literature was in the thick of its heroic period, and was himself actively concerned in the building-up of that period. He had a genius for his calling: a remarkable energy, self-reliance, and business capacity. He began his publishing business on a capital of something over four hundred and fifty pounds; yet in the teeth of all difficulties he never flinched from heavy enterprises, and contrived, himself a struggling publisher of scanty means, to forward struggling authors of scanty means. He possessed the exceedingly rare combination of business faculty with keen literary sensibility—even to a degree of what we modern Englishmen would consider sentimentality. His calling and career brought him into close touch with the greatest German authors of his time; and it is here that comes in the attraction of his biography. His relations with Goethe and Schiller alone compose an interesting chapter of literary history.

With Schiller especially. He backed Schiller, young, striving, and almost desperate, when to back Schiller was a generous deed; and Schiller famous and prosperous repaid him very scurvily. That is our judgment, on Viscount Goschen's narrative; and the narrative is drawn from the correspondence (chiefly) of Schiller himself and the elder Goschen's rival-publisher, Cotta: so there seems little room for misjudgment. But the beginning of their relations is a publisher's idyll. Goschen was a friend of the quartette (Körner, Huber, and the two Fraulein Stocks) who lured Schiller from Mannheim to Leipzig, and formed with him a romantic fraternity. Körner, indeed (the father of the afterwards famous poet of the German rising against Napoleon), was Schiller's saviour, paying his debts and aiding him with money repeatedly; and Körner was Goschen's partner in business. The quartette began by sending the young poet they admired a joint letter of sympathetic encouragement. Körner enclosed a musical setting of one of Schiller's songs; Minna Stock had worked a pocket-book; Dora Stock sent a sketch of the four anonymous enthusiasts. It was all very German and of the age. But Schiller discovered the names of the four, and was on fire with gratitude and characteristically sudden rapture of friendship. This was the unknown thing which his life had lacked; and existence was insupportable unless he forthwith migrated to Leipzig. But without paying his debts he could not move; without money he could not pay his debts; they must get him money. He had a periodical, "Thalia," which he could make over to a Leipzig publisher; would they procure him three hundred thalers on that security? Of course, the friends must have their Schiller; no money, no Schiller, therefore Schiller must have his money. They turned to Goschen; Goschen agreed to take over the "Thalia," and so he too was drawn into the band of Schiller-devotees. Stipulating that his coming should be kept secret from "the girls" (Minna and Dora Stock) till they had planned a little hoax on them, Schiller hastened into his worshippers' arms (he was always in a hurry for someone's arms).

It was Schiller who was hoaxed. Having promised to call on a lady (name not given) when he arrived, this is what happened, according to an account long afterwards

written (it is imagined) by Goschen. Schiller was announced:—

What? This pleasant, self-satisfied man! [It was Huber.] these lively and sparkling eyes! this satirical mouth! this elegant light clothing! this easy bearing! this polite condescension! this easy, mocking way of talking!—was Schiller all this? The reality had pleased her much, but not just in the way she had expected. . . . The servant entered and announced "Herr Schiller," and at once the mystery seemed solved—a stranger had played her a trick, and this was the real Schiller. . . . Scarcely of medium stature, of powerful, not of stout build; large, candid eyes, full of intellect; an earnest mien, and rather severe and commanding glance—his words few but incisive; his speech slow, impressive, and musical. . . . This visitor certainly answered more to the conception she had formed; but once more the servant entered and announced, "There is another Herr Schiller without, and he begs—" And, to her astonishment, a tall, lean man, with large joints, very marked features, pale yellow complexion, deeply set but penetrating eyes; a somewhat fixed, but not repellent look; with somewhat negligent garments—entered and said in a monotonous, hollow voice, "I owe you thanks," &c. This Schiller of course she believed to be a hoax, and matters were becoming rather strained when once more the servant appeared and informed her that the two other Herr Schillers desired to speak again with her. . . . They came up to apologise for the practical joke which they had played on her, and the mystery was at once cleared up by Schiller recognising in the two who had assumed his name, his friends Huber and Jünger.

It is worth quoting, for Goschen's description of Schiller, whom he knew so well. For presently Schiller retreated to the little village of Gohlis, outside Leipzig; where among the woods and meadows of the "Rose Valley," as it was called, he became Goschen's guest for half a year. In the following year Goschen himself wrote of this experience to Bertuch:—

For half a year I lived with Schiller in one room. He inspired me with the tenderest friendship and esteem. His gentle demeanour and the gentle tone of his spirit in social gatherings, compared with the productions of his muse, are to me a riddle. I cannot tell you how yielding and grateful he is to every critic, how he strives for his moral perfection, and how disposed he is to patient reflection. He knew that Moritz had reviewed him scornfully in the Berlin paper. Nevertheless, when Moritz was here, he received him with such esteem and pleasing politeness, that Moritz, on going away, embraced him and assured him of his eternal friendship. With the greatest earnestness, with moving eloquence, with tears in his eyes, Schiller has often exhorted me, young Huber, Ober-Consistorial-Rath Körner, Jünger the poet, each to employ all his powers in his own vocation to become men whom the world would one day be unwilling to lose. We have all much to thank him for, and I shall remember him with gladness even in the hour of my death.

It is well to have Goschen's testimony, for one does not always associate such gentleness and sweetness of character with the impetuous poet and part-author of the ferocious "Xenia." For the rest, the exuberant sentiment of the letter exhibits that remarkable union of qualities in Goschen to which we before referred. It is all amazing to an Englishman. Conceive an English poet worth his salt, conceive Shakespeare, conceive even Shelley with his effusive ideals and universal benevolence, speechifying to his friends with moving eloquence and superfluous tears about the lofty use of their powers. When the friends entered an inn after a meeting with Körner, Schiller tells Körner—

Your health was drunk. Silently we gazed at each other, a solemn sense of devotion filled our minds, and all of us had tears in our eyes which we forced ourselves to repress. Goschen said that he still felt this glass of wine burning in every limb; Huber's face was as red as fire as he confessed that he had never before tasted wine so good.

Dear young men! they wept with fluency. On the appropriate occasion they always have tears in their eyes. But Goschen afforded Schiller more than tears. From

this time throughout the period of their connection he was always liberal in payment, and ready with advances to meet Schiller's constant necessities. This although his capital was for long small, and he grumbled that the German public was scandalously "impervious." "Twenty people read, and only one buys," he said—a charge miserably true of the English people in these days of Free Libraries, Circulating Libraries, and Mr. Carnegie. His most important publication for Schiller was the drama of "Don Carlos," while the "Thalia" continued to run, though Schiller had left Leipzig. But before the breach between them, to which we shall come back, Goschen had signalled himself by the acquisition of Goethe. The glimpses of Goethe in this book, though fairly numerous, are not interesting. Goethe was seeking a publisher for his collected works, but his terms made publishers falter. Bertuch communicated with Goschen on Goethe's behalf, and Goschen undertook the task. With one exception, it was solely in this matter that Goethe and Goschen were concerned: they never met or became friends, and Goethe's letters relate wholly to the business-affair and the forwarding of copy from Italy,—for Goethe chose this moment for his famous Italian journey. Nothing of his intellectual side comes out in the letters. Perhaps, indeed, the most interesting light on Goethe is a mere side-light, in the impression he made on Wieland. Wieland was a literary ruler before Goethe arose; Goethe had satirised him with little, if any, just provocation; finally supplanted him in the affections of the famous Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Yet after meeting him, Wieland wrote of Goethe with sheer idolatry. Thus, to Jacobi he wrote:—

How entirely I felt at the first glance that Goethe was a man after my own heart! How I fell in love with the splendid youth as I sat by his side at the table! All that I can say . . . is this: since that morning my soul is as full of Goethe as a dewdrop of the morning sun.

And nine weeks later to Zimmerman:—

To-day I have seen him for the first time in his complete splendour—in his complete, beautiful, pure humanity. In a moment of ecstasy I knelt down beside him, pressed my soul to his heart, and worshipped God!

These Germans! But yet, let us admit a certain moderation: when he accomplished the singular gymnastic feat recorded in the final sentence, the tears were not in his eyes.

Goschen's collection of Goethe's works would be memorable for one fact alone: the fragment of "Faust," ultimately to evolve into his masterpiece, first appeared in it. Yet the German public, indifferent to his "beautiful, pure humanity," received the collection coldly: it was no great success, after the great labour and capital expended on it. This, and Goethe's exacting terms, must have cooled Goschen; for when Goethe, entering a new field, offered him his famous essay, "On the Metamorphosis of Plants," he refused it. The experts, of course, sneered at the poet essaying science, which was another reason. It cost Goschen his connection with Goethe, who was willing to have made him his sole publisher. Perhaps the same tendency to draw back just when he should have gone forward made him decline Schiller's new periodical, "Die Horen," which was to assemble the intellect of Germany. The result was that Schiller accepted the overtures of Cotta; and once engaged with him over "Die Horen," gradually succumbed to him altogether, placing in his hands the edition of his complete works, and assigning to him the sole publication of his further writings. The quarrel between the two publishers broke out formally over the inclusion in the complete edition of "Don Carlos," already held by Goschen. But the real grievance was that Schiller had given his writings at large to another man. It had been understood that Goschen should have first claim on his work; Goschen was his early and proved friend, had stood by him in the

years of famine, had been his good helper when money was a crying need to him. He might well look to share the profits of his risen fame. But Schiller kicked down the ladder he had climbed, and went to another man. He did not even write to his friend on the matter, but left Cotta to transact negotiations. No marvel Goschen lost his temper with Cotta, or felt bitterness. There was no question even of higher pay from Cotta. For three years Schiller and Goschen were asunder. Then they renewed friendship; and it speaks much for Goschen's good heart that he should have renewed friendship, since to the last Schiller never renewed his publishing connection with his old friend. We cannot but feel that the poet was seriously ungrateful; and this record of Goschen's experience is scarce encouraging to publishers minded, at some risk and trouble, to encourage young and ill-rewarded genius.

An Icelandic Tale.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CORMAC THE SKALD. Rendered into English by W. G. Collingwood and Jón Stefánsson. (W. Holmes, Ulverston.)

MR. COLLINGWOOD and Mr. Stefánsson have translated between them in "Cormac the Skald" a Saga of particular interest, and we have to thank Mr. Collingwood in especial for a very interesting Introduction in which he summarises the motive of this Icelandic tale, which "is the biography of an important historical personage." Cormac the Skald, "a thorough Irishman," whose ancestors must have migrated to Iceland about 931, is thus interpreted for us by Mr. Collingwood:—

The story of a poet, poor and proud, with all the strength and all the weakness of genius. He loves a fine lady, a spoiled child, who bewitches him and jilts him and jilts him again. He fights for her, rhymes for her, and rises for her sake to the height of all that a man in his age could achieve. Then, after years, he has her at his feet and learns her heartlessness and worthlessness. He bids her farewell; but dies in the end with her name on his lips. This is the motive of the book, very modern, we should call it.

In truth the saga is far more modern in tone than, say, "The Story of Burnt Njall," and we are not quite convinced by Mr. Collingwood when he argues that the people who put it into permanent literary shape "between 1250 and 1300" were more or less faithfully transmitting it as it was told two hundred years earlier. "It is a coarse rough story of coarse rough life," says the late Dr. Guðbrand Vigfússon, "and it would seem that the early and rude language of the first version was preserved in the later book, which is the most primitive piece of Icelandic prose-writing that has come down to us." This may be perfectly true, and yet the thirteenth century transcribers by eking out the primitive outline of the tale, and by turning parts of it into the language of their day, may have introduced into it its curiously modern feeling. Mr. Collingwood does not commit himself definitely on the point, which, of course, as in the case of all recensions of primitive pieces of literature, must always be highly debateable. However, taking the saga as it stands, it is certainly a very interesting document, and if we are to trust its evidence we must find that human nature in the Iceland of a thousand years ago was pretty much the same as in England to-day. A man was crossed in love and turned "viking," and harassed the coast of Ireland as a natural sequence, just as our younger sons go out to Rhodesia or Somaliland to-day. Steingerd, the faithless woman of the piece, behaves extremely like the heroine of George Egerton's "Keynotes." Cormac certainly gave her cause:—

Afterwards many people had their say in this manner; but in the end it came to this—that he asked for her, and she was pledged to him, and the wedding was fixed; and so all was quiet for a while.

Then they had words. There was some falling-out about settlements. It came to such a pass that after everything

was ready, Cormac began to cool-off. But the real reason was, that Thorveig had bewitched him so that they should never have one another. . . . Cormac never came to the wedding at the time it was fixed, and the hour passed by. This the kinsfolk of Steingerd thought a slight, deeming that he had broken of the match; and they had much talk about it.

We can imagine the sort of talk that went round the countryside. Anyway, Steingerd's family shortly afterwards married her off willy nilly to Bersi, a famous fighter, and Cormac, after chasing the bride and bridegroom to their door, challenged Bersi to fight "at the holmgang." But Cormac is again unlucky; he borrows a famous sword Sköfnung, but only succeeds in slicing off the tip of his adversary's sword Whitting, and the flying splinter wounds Cormac in the hand. Men said, of course, that there was witchcraft in the business; and Skeggi, a man of the old school who lent the sword, was disgusted, and said the "holmgang" had been brought to scorn. Steinar, Cormac's uncle, took his part, and picked a quarrel with Bersi, saying, "All we want to teach thee is thy true place"; and Bersi, having lost the charm he wore round his neck, was wounded as a matter of course. Then Steingerd, because her husband's wound healed slowly, and people no doubt jeered at him, got discontented, and "when she had got everything ready for going away," she twitted him with his wound, "and spoke her divorce from him"; and she took up, later on, with Thorvald, "a wealthy man, a smith and a skald, but mean-spirited for all that." Cormac goes off as a Viking, wins great renown, comes back, meets Steingerd, and passes a night with her "in a little farm where they were taken in and treated well." "That night they slept each on either side of the carved wainscot that parted bed from bed"; and Cormac made several songs in praise of his lady. But Steingerd was not to be mollified. She only replied: "Thou didst let me go once for all; and there is no more hope for thee." In vain Cormac rescued her twice from pirates when her mean husband Thorvald refused to risk himself; it was all no good, and even when Thorvald, shamed, said: "Go along with Cormac, for he has fairly won you, and manfully," Steingerd said: "Nay, I will not change knives." Cormac's great mistake, in fact, was that he behaved like a refined modern man. Just at the critical moment he sang songs to his mistress, and gave her the option of going with him or not, and Steingerd, no doubt, would have responded to somewhat rougher treatment. However, the reader can study the Saga for himself and see whether he is of our mind.

Mr. Collingwood takes his readers into his confidence in his introduction, and lays before them all the difficulties of translating adequately the Skald's verses. We cannot be ungrateful for the manifold experiments and the great labour these must have cost him, and we do not doubt that the form he has finally settled on is one that reproduces the characteristic features of the original. We must, however, admit that we find the verses a little too obscure and a little too difficult to read to get much pleasure from. We much prefer the alternative form he gives us on page 14 of his introduction, and we hope that, later on, he will give us a version in the short metre. Meanwhile we can only thank him heartily for the care and skill with which he has edited the Saga, and the admirable prose style of which he and his co-editor have command.

A Lippo Lippi of Poetry.

SKELTON: A SELECTION FROM THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN SKELTON. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. By W. H. Williams. (Isbister. 2s. 6d.)

WE may be grateful to Mr. Williams for these specimens of a very curious and unique author—the more curious because, with all his popularity during his life, he exercised no influence upon the after-development of English

literature, but remained a sport and by-product (so to speak). It has very careful and scholarly notes, besides the needful glossary; and a judicious introduction, summarising the little known about Skelton's life, and the references to him in subsequent literature; besides giving a list of his works, lost or extant, and a brief but sufficient critique of his merits and place in English literature. The book, as Mr. Williams says, though designed primarily for students of early Tudor literature, has also an eye to the possible general reader; though we fear that vaguely formidable person is like to let it severely alone. The four poems chosen are fairly representative of Skelton's better work; though to be representative of all his characteristic aspects it should have comprised some such ribald poem as "The Tunning of Eleanor Rummyng," with its coarse but lively pictures of lower-class life under the first Tudors. And we could have desired that most charming Skeltonism which celebrates—

Merry Margret,
That midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower.

But as a whole it gives a very good idea of Mr. Alfred Austin's Tudor predecessor.

A strange and far from reputable voice in English song was John Skelton; a kind of poetic and very Anglo-Saxon Lippo Lippi. Whether he were a Cumbrian or a Norfolk man is uncertain: we should be disposed to fancy him Cumberland by birth and early residence, Norfolk by connection and subsequent rearing. His university associations are just as mixed: he seems to have been educated first at Cambridge, and afterwards to have become connected with Oxford, which made him laureate. Then he was tutor to Prince Henry, afterwards the truculent Henry VIII.; and (perhaps for the purpose) took Holy Orders, becoming priest, and ultimately Rector of Diss in Norfolk. His Court career, as favourite of Henry VIII., who called him his "Vicar of hell," was reckless enough, one may guess; and ended in disgrace and imprisonment. Taking up his position as Rector of Diss, he seems to have been a devil-may-care rector indeed, if tales told of him have any truth; and his lampoons and epigrams on his parishioners do by no means suggest a man of God. His poems would alone bear out the stories of his life. They are reckless, satirical, ribald, fanciful, graceful; the very metre (which is all his own) is a metre in a state of dissolution—wild, light, flexible, with a Bohemian happiness. The substance is like unto the man: pedantic, smelling of the scholar-priest, yet withal vigorous, vernacular, caustic, abusive, and strangely shot with wild and dancing lights of daintiness. Not a great poet, not even an important poet, not a considerable poet—nay, doubtfully a poet at all; yet with suggestions of neglected and haphazard powers: interesting to the scholar rather than the general reader. Not a man of principle: he began as hanger-on and eulogist of Wolsey, then turned his audacious satirist; once a courtier, then a popular advocate, an assailant of abuses in Church and State. In this style can he write, when he makes a damsel mourn her sparrow:—

Sometimes he would gasp
When he saw a wasp;
A fly or gnat
He would fly at that;
And prettily he would pant
When he saw an ant;
Lord, how he would pry
After the butterfly!
Lord, how he would hop
After the gressop!
And when I said, Phyp, Phyp,
Then he would leap and skip,
And take me by the lip.
Alas! it will me slo,
That Philip is gone me fro!

But he can also pour out the coarsest ribaldries: altogether a vagabond voice of English song. And at that, after all, we must leave him.

Old-World Moralities.

THE BOOKE OF THENSEYEMENTES AND TECHYNGE THAT THE
KNYGT OF THE TOWRE MADE TO HIS DAUGHTERS. (Newnes.
7s. 6d. net.)

THIS quaintly-named book is a selection (comprising about half of the original) from the rare translation by Caxton, of which there are two copies in the British Museum. There is an earlier translation than Caxton's, which never went beyond MS., made by an anonymous translator in the reign of Henry VI. It is of more literary merit than Caxton's (for the celebrated printer knew French ill, and was diffident as to the quality of his English); and the Early English Text Society published it in 1868. Caxton's version seems to have been chosen for the present selection solely because it is rare and has not been reprinted—surely an inadequate reason, when the other is admittedly superior. The French original was written in the latter part of the fourteenth century by the Chevalier Geoffroy de la Tour Landry, for the purpose of teaching his little daughters to read, and also imparting to them all the lessons of morality and behaviour suitable to young demoiselles of good birth. In those days, you see, when a papa wanted a First Reader for his little misses, he went and made one—if he was able. The Knight of the Tower (as Caxton calls him) was able; and he made a reading-book which should instruct his mediæval young ladies after his own heart. It found favour in the sight of other mediæval French papas; for it was immensely popular in the land of its nativity. Perhaps the papas (not to speak of the mammas) themselves were not above reading it; and this would not be surprising. A great many English misses nowadays would be glad to substitute this collection of quaint (the much-tried word is unavoidable) and curious stories for the not too seductive compilations on which they cut their literary milk-teeth. Caxton considered that it taught tender demoiselles "how they ought to govern them virtuously in this present life." That is as may be; but the point, from the learner's standpoint, is that the stories are most unscholastically interesting.

If a young lady is to learn the evils of vanity, and the desirableness (from the parental standpoint) of economy in dress; how shall she absorb the lesson more delightfully than by reading the tale of the knight with three wives? It was the first wife who had an extravagant wardrobe. And the result was that a holy hermit had a vision of her, after her death; of which, in our extract, we take leave to modernise the spelling:—

He saw the poor soul before Saint Michael the Archangel, and the fiend at the other side, and was in a balance, and her good deeds with her. And at the other side was the devil with all her evil deeds, which grieved and troubled her sore. It were her gowns that were of much fine cloth, and furred of calabre, letuce, and ermine. And the devil cried with a high voice and said, "Sire, this woman had ten pair of gowns long and short, and ye know well she had with half of them enough, that is, a long gown, two kirtles, and two *cotes hardies* or two short gowns, and therewith she might have be pleased and sufficed, as a good and simple lady, and after God and right she hath had of them too much by the half; and of the value of one of her gowns, fifty poor people had had fifty ells of burell or frieze, which have suffered such cold and such miscase about them, and yet she never took pity on them." Then took the devil her gowns, rings, and jewels that she had had of the men by love, also all the vain and idle words that she had said of other by envy and taken away their good renomme. . . . but all this together he did put in the balance. And . . . much more they weighed than did all the good that ever she had done.

A very statistical devil, and of a good conscience, with much zeal for the poor, and speaks as though he were a

husband himself. Then is there the pie (magpie) that betrayed the wife's eating of a "great eel" to her husband who designed it for a present; and was plucked by the irate lady. Wherefore, when any man "bald or pilled" came to the house, the said pie cried, "Ye have told my lord of the eel." Such are the simple old-world japes and moralities of this book; the ancient spelling of which, however, may frighten off the children, though their elders will find it both curious and diverting.

Superfluous.

GEORGE DOUGLAS BROWN. By Cuthbert Lennox. (Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

Six months ago the author of "The House with the Green Shutters" died, and already we have his biography put into our hands. Such haste, at best, could hardly be justified, and in the present case we feel that no need existed for such a book at all. Brown wrote one successful and most promising book; on that his reputation stands. We cannot think that the public desired any detailed life, and certainly no real service is rendered to Brown's memory or to letters by this volume. The note is pitched too high; hardly more could have been said for Brown if he had produced half-a-dozen works of genius, instead of one work of distinguished talent. We have no desire to depreciate Brown's accomplishment, but it is necessary, it would seem, to defend his true position from the eulogies of indiscreet friendship. We are told by Mr. Lennox that "The House with the Green Shutters" became the most talked of book in literary circles, both in this country and America." We cannot speak for America, but certainly at no time was it the "most talked of book" in London.

The details of Brown's life, as set forth by Mr. Lennox, present no particular points for comment; they represent the usual struggles and difficulties which have been the commonplaces of the literary life to scores of men who have had to make their way, and to scores of men who are making their way to-day. Brown, perhaps, took himself more seriously than most men; he meant to be a novelist, and to that end he made some sacrifices. But in that he was not singular, as Mr. Lennox seems to suppose.

Mr. Melville, whose reminiscences of Brown, reprinted from "The Bookman," follow Mr. Lennox's memoir, is on the whole rather more discreet; yet even Mr. Melville insists upon saying the wholly unnecessary. When Brown's success came, we read, "he neither rioted in it nor shunned it. He was not humble about his book and its success, but he remained practically unaffected by it. . . . His dress was as careless as ever, his habits Bohemian as they had always been, his visits to his friends as unexpected, and his conversation of the same range and quality as during the time of his obscurity." Why should such things be set down? It is surely no compliment to the memory of a man to say that he remembered his friends, that he was perhaps wiser than his eulogists, and that he continued to talk after success as he had talked before it came. The impression left by such a volume as this, indeed, is by no means that which the authors would appear to have intended. They make the ordinary decencies of life and social conduct into signs and tokens of the greatness of the individual. We need hardly say that the point of view is absurdly narrow and without any broad justification whatever.

It is the same with regard to Brown's religious views. Those views, so far as we can gather, appear to have been the views which most young men of talent and strong personality have held at one time or another. Mr. Melville writes: "I hope it is not necessary to explain that it is not intended here to claim Brown for an orthodox Christian. That he never had been, probably

never could have become." And then Mr. Melville proceeds to talk about "his royal arrogance of intellect." Such "royal arrogance" is usually the indication of an immaturity from which Brown suffered, no doubt, in common with many greater men.

Mr. Lang's introduction is the best part of this otherwise superfluous volume. It is human, kindly, and not overloaded, and its conclusion will touch most readers:—

In thinking of him and reading about him, I am reminded of two others who never reached success, and of one who did—Thomas Davidson (the Scottish Probationer); R. F. Murray, the student poet of the scarlet gown, and Robert Louis Stevenson. It is natural to regret that Mr. Stevenson never met Mr. Brown; often, on a hundred occasions, one misses him, and his power of appreciating things and men. "They all are gone into the world of light."

Other New Books.

THE CRICKLETON CHRONICLES. By W. Carter Platts. (Jarrold.)

THERE are some books that give themselves away with their titles; and this is one. The practised reader would guess that the "Crickleton Chronicles" would be funny after the manner of Albert Smith, a manner which still subsists and earns innumerable halfpennies in "Funny Cuts" of various names. Many things happened at Crickleton. For example, Widow Macwillin married old Grigson, and insisted on a musical service. But the organist was taken ill. However, the best man remembered that his neighbour had a mechanical organette that could play "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden," and other things. He borrowed it. You foresee the obvious and infuriating sequel. Of course the organette, as the couple marched down the aisle, struck up "The Wrong Man." And then we have a picture of old Grigson finishing the organette in the chapel yard. London is full of errand-boys to whom the joke will come as a revelation.

But the essence of the book is the cowboy's courtship. He had come from "the Rockies" to Crickleton, and picked up Miss Carson on the verandah with the idea that she was his sister. He kissed her. "Sir!" she indignantly cried, blushing crimson as the hot blood surged to her face and neck." You foresee the awful anguish of Jack Raeburn when the mistake is discovered, and the confusion of Miss Carson. That is the convention. But the reality would be simply a laugh at the mistake. However, Jack Raeburn and Miss Carson fall into each other's arms, only to discover that the grandfather of the one flogged the grandmother of the other in Delaware some half century ago. That, of course, in the opinion of the squire (her father) and of Miss Carson (for a time) settles it. A man may not marry his grandmother, but he is responsible for his grandfather. That is the conventional attitude of the squire in fiction. We will not follow out the story to its end, but the conclusion may be given. It occurs in chapter twenty, which by a rare stroke of humour appears at the beginning. "So they were married at eleven o'clock this morning, and have lived happily ever since."

A WOMAN'S WANDERINGS AND TRIALS DURING THE ANGLO-BOER WAR. By Mrs. (General) De la Rey. (Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

MRS. DE LA REY's narrative has the value of directness and simplicity; beyond that, as a contribution to the history of the war, it is of small account. Mrs. De la Rey has that kind of sincere piety which expresses itself in the continual use of Biblical quotation, generally apt enough, but sometimes almost funny. The book reveals a personality eminently domestic, eminently practical, and quite

incapable of more than one point of view. The singleness of the point of view was, of course, to be expected: the Boers were God's chosen fighting for freedom. Of the true facts of the situation Mrs. De la Rey has no idea; she was merely the wife of a soldier in what to her was the just cause. Yet even in her narrative, with all the inevitable prejudice which marks it, we see with what magnanimity the war was conducted. The more we read of the South African war, indeed, the more it becomes clear that no war was ever waged with more of true courtesy. In Mrs. De la Rey's story it is the kaffirs and not the "khakis" who made themselves objectionable. The author, naturally, has to tell of things which appear terrible enough, but there is no hint of unnecessary or meaningless destruction. And Mrs. De la Rey was herself sometimes a woman first and a partisan second. When Lord Methuen was a wounded prisoner Mrs. De la Rey went to see him in memory of the days when he had sent her out of Lichtenburg:—

When I got there, one of our people, a man called Tom, said that he did not want to see any visitors. . . . All the same, when he heard that I was there, he said that I might come in—that he would like to see me. I went into the tent; there lay the great, strong man wounded above the knee, right through the bone. . . . I had a fat chicken killed, and took some biscuits and sent them with the chicken to the wounded lord.

Yet even concerning so small an attention there were people who could ask why it should be bestowed "upon such a man." Of many of the hardships incident to most warfare this book has no hint. There was food, and even reasonable shelter, for the women and children. Mrs. De la Rey's younger children enjoyed the fun.

A DESCRIPTIVE GUIDE TO THE BEST FICTION. By Ernest A. Baker. (Sonnenschein. 8s. 6d. net.)

A LABORIOUS compilation, running to over six hundred pages. The author says:—

The object of this book is to supply a fairly complete list of the best prose fiction in English, including, not all that interests students, but all that the ordinary reader is likely to care about, with as much description of matter and style, for the guidance of readers, as can be condensed into a few lines of print for each book.

Books which in the author's opinion are masterpieces or peculiarly representative are marked by asterisks, and a number of translations have been included. The volume opens with the names of three authors under the Fifteenth Century; under the Sixteenth Century there are seven names, and under the Seventeenth five. In the Eighteenth Century the names and works begin to multiply, and the Nineteenth marshals in an innumerable host. Perhaps of necessity this innumerable host includes much which cannot by any standard be considered to come near the "best" in fiction; but, as Mr. Baker says, he has been able "merely to select a few thousand novels from the legions and legions that have issued from the press." On the whole the selection is reasonably good.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest volume in Messrs. Macmillan's three-and-sixpenny edition of Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels is "Jude the Obscure." Mr. Hardy's brief and memorable preface is of course included.—In Messrs. Dent's reprint of Thackeray's prose works, "The Irish Sketch Book" has just reached us. Mr. Walter Jerrold's bibliographical note is brief and to the point.—Messrs. Newnes's thin-paper edition of Lord Lytton's "Night and Morning" strikes us at first with a sense of strangeness. One always felt that only ordinary paper could support Lord Lytton's style. But a glance at these pages reassures us of the fact that Lytton was a born story-writer.

Fiction.

THE LITTLE RED FISH. By Philip Laurence Oliphant. (Arnold. 6s.)

THE only condition upon which one can consent to be interested in a Hindu fetish upon which depends the welfare of a native dynasty is that it shall be made convincingly to appear to fulfil its mission. A fetish that in the most deplorable way fails to come within shouting distance of success might just as well have been made in Birmingham.

The heroine of Mr. Oliphant's tale possesses in the red fish a kind of title-deed to the territory of her maternal grandmother, who had made a *mésalliance* with a no more than respectable European. In a country house where her uncanny tricks gave her an evil reputation, she encounters an English officer, who in South Africa (of course) had distinguished himself by carrying out the Wonderland principle of "Sentence first"; and that, said Kara in effect, is the man for me. So she showed him her treasure and swore him to secrecy, and hypnotised and kissed him; but failed on the whole to persuade him to become her ally. And when she arrived in state at Moralsapur to reap the fruit of a *coup d'état*, this Gerald Paulett had already been appointed by the Government of India to the post of President of the Council. A last appeal failed, and the next morning Kara is found dead by her own hand.

The other string to the author's bow is the love story of Paulett with a charming widow, and Paulett's appointment to a post at the War Office affords an opportunity for an exposure of the system which the author, who is ingenious in the invention of chapter-headings, embraces under the title of Tape Vermilion.

On such lines the book is worked out handily enough to keep the reader for an hour or so pleasantly concerned.

THE RED HOUSE. By E. Nesbit. (Methuen. 6s.)

IT is a question whether it is not always a pity to write a story in the first person. The fact that some of the best stories in the language have been written in this way does not affect the question at all, because there is no reason why they should not have been better stories still if they had been written impersonally. The children's instinct to avoid what they call "I stories" is probably the right one. But, in any case, most people will agree that for a woman-writer to tell a story in the guise of a man is a distinct risk, and a risk not worth taking. And E. Nesbit is a particularly feminine woman-writer; that is the secret of her charm. So we feel resentful when she cheats us of what she has taught us to expect from her, for the sake of masquerading in doublet and hose. "The Red House," while not by any means a strong book, would be a very pretty study in sentiment if the narrator had been the wife instead of the husband. But so feminine is the whole purpose and outlook of the book that it is difficult at times not to forget that the "I" of its pages is the person called Len, and not the one called Chloe. We wish very heartily that it had been the person called Chloe, for by letting her husband tell the tale she has left us to form the impression of a most effeminate and rather tiresome young man, who would never, we feel sure, have deserved all the kisses he seems to get in the book. And talking of kisses, we come to the story itself. There is very little story, for the plot deals only with the doings of a very young married couple, who go to live in an old house that is much too large for them, and tumble in and out of mild scrapes and difficulties in consequence. The only value the book could have would lie in the way it is done; and we have said what we think of the way in which it is done.

The young married couple by this time needs more careful doing than it is likely to receive at the hands of a man who has all the while the heart of a woman. That kind of man is all very well when he is explained by a woman, but when he explains himself on every page of "The Red House,"—well, it makes us want to go back to "The Treasure Seekers," and all the other delightful books where E. Nesbit is not pretending to be some one else.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER. BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

The history of Julie Le Breton, the central figure, is known to a few of the habitués of Lady Henry Delafield's drawing-room. Some of them knew her mother, Lady Rose, and the reason of her flight to Belgium, where she died. All feel the influence of Julie Le Breton's fascination, particularly two men, a self-seeking soldier and the heir-presumptive to a dukedom. A searching and sympathetic study of character, the theme being the purifying and ennobling power of love. (Smith Elder. 6s.)

THE BETTER SORT. BY HENRY JAMES.

Eleven characteristic short stories. Some of the titles are "Broken Wings," "The Tone of Time," "Mrs. Medwin," "Flickerbridge," "The Beast in the Jungle." The first story opens with this sentence: "Conscious as he was of what was between them, though perhaps less conscious than ever of why there should at that time of day be anything, he would yet scarce have supposed they could be so long in a house together without some word or some look." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE GREY WIG. BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

"This volume," says Mr. Zangwill in a prefatory note, "embraces my newest and oldest work." The book contains eight stories in varying moods, though most, as the author tells us in the dedication, "are mainly a study of woman." The title story is Mr. Zangwill almost at his best; in the second, "Chassé-Croisé," we have the ironic Mr. Zangwill. "'Love!' Her voice was bitter. 'Any bench in the park, any alley in Highmead, swarms with love.'" "The Big Bow Mystery" looks rather out of place in this collection. (Heinemann. 6s.)

PEARL MAIDEN. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"A tale of the Fall of Jerusalem." The story opens at Caesarea. "Herod Agrippa . . . now at the very apex of his power, celebrated a festival in honour of the Emperor Claudius, to which had flocked all the mightiest in the land and tens of thousands of the people." We hear of "the new sect called Christians," some of whom are to be cast to the wild beasts in the circus. (Longmans. 6s.)

THE HILL OF TROUBLE. BY A. C. BENSON.

A collection of twelve short stories, the note of which is struck in the quotation from Sir E. Burne-Jones which introduces them: "I mean by a picture a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than any light that ever shone—in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—and the forms divinely beautiful—and then I wake up with the waking of Brynhild." The stories are touched with allegory, and have a quiet distinction and charm. (Isbister. 6s.)

HER LADYSHIP. BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

"A Romance of the House of Valmore." When the story opens "the eighteenth century was moribund, and the lurid star of the great-little Napoleon, newly risen

above the horizon, was drawing all men's eyes to itself. . . ." We are introduced to Philip Gervis Valmore, Baron St. Oswyth, and then Mr. Speight proceeds to develop one of his familiar mystery stories. The last sentence runs: "One mystery they were destined never to fathom, and that was why her son did not succeed to the St. Oswyth peerage." (Chatto. 3s. 6d.)

CORNET STRONG OF IRETON'S HORSE. BY DORA GREENWELL MCCHESENEY.

A vigorous and effective historical novel. "'To-morrow,' said the man at length. 'So long I have been withheld by sickness and captivity; but to-morrow I must set forth.' 'It is the Lord's Day, but the work is His,' assented the woman, and laid a steady hand on the sword hilt." The story takes us to Marston Moor and Newbury Field, and skilfully suggests the fever and action of the time. The book also has human feeling and a strong sense of form. (Lane. 6s.)

MARTY. BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Marty's mother conducted a second-hand clothes business, first in Great Castle Street, and then at a small villa in Rose Diamond Road. Marty married a clerk in a Government office with aristocratic connections, and then realising that her husband had "married beneath him," went away in order not to ruin his career. Mrs. Stannard tells the story with the ease and simplicity familiar to her readers. (White. 6s.)

'BERT EDWARD. BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

The story of a golf caddie. "It was some years ago that 'Bert Edward arrived at St. Rule," and Mr. Hutchinson tells us that the picture of Pat Rogie does not hold good for the young professional golfer at St. Andrews in the present day. For "golfing Scotland has arrived at a general standard of sobriety that would have shocked some of the older generation very badly." 'Bert Edward came from the Highlands, where an accident to his foot made it impossible for him to walk the heather. There is a "love interest." (Murray. 2s. 6d.)

THE KNIGHT PUNCTILIOUS. BY ARTHUR MOORE.

A complicated will story. Lady Fratton's will, made upon "one of those admirable printed forms—only fourpence half-penny at the stores," decides the destiny of the chief characters. Miles Vandale, who unexpectedly came into the money, was punctilious in the discharge of his father's liabilities. In obscurity he had entertained literary ambitions. (Methuen. 6s.)

SEAWARD FOR THE FOE. BY HEADON HILL.

"The long-threatened war-cloud had burst at last, and Great Britain stood face to face with allied France and Russia for the death-grip." A French submarine gunboat appears at Bournemouth, and Lieutenant Lesourge calls at the Bath Hotel to demand of a South African millionaire who happens to be staying there, an indemnity of £500,000. "If not paid Captain de Boutron very much regret his duty to lay the town of Bournemouth in ashes. He beg me to say the 'Vengeur' carries six 19-centimetre guns, throwing melinite shell. 'They make a lot of mess,' added the lieutenant persuasively." (Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.)

DORRIEN OF CRANSTON. BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

"General Dorrien sits at the breakfast table in the cheerful dining-room at Cranston Hall, with a frown upon his face, and an open letter in his hand." The letter is from his eldest son, who had left the country eight years ago in disgrace. There is another son—his mother's favourite, "who would have taken first prize at an unlicked cub show." The entail ceases with General Dorrien, and hence the uncertainty of the succession, and the plot of the novel. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

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Music or Mathematics?

CERTAINLY something is the matter with music. The youngest of the arts, started so gaily and with so firm a step on her career, she can scarcely have found a check in the nature of things already. Yet where are we? Ignore the ballad-concert and the "musical comedy"; take the Symphony Concert, as it is at the Queen's Hall this season. As signs of the times we may observe; first, the visitor who fixes the orchestra with his opera-glasses during, of all things, a superbly rendered Beethoven Symphony, as if to see the music; second, the votary who intently reads his programme during a Strauss tone-poem, as if to spell the music; and, last and most horrid portent, the reciter who, in a voice entirely unlike any other manifestation of energy in the universe, declaims, in a Greek costume, an English mistranslation of a Norwegian Saga to an orchestral accompaniment by Grieg, as if to shout music. How comes it, then, that in these days we try to see, spell, or shout music, which is neither vision nor words nor street cry, but beautiful sound?

It is the distinction of music that it has a scientific basis. Indeed, this is the apotheosis of mathematics. The prelude to "Parsifal" might be written, of course, in a series of vibration-numbers, each representing certain tones and qualities of tone. Hence one may find, embedded in a work on physics, surrounded by terrifying equations and formulæ, a definition which is the basis of music. A sound, it says, consists of rhythmical vibrations and is a musical note, or of arrhythmic and is a noise. It is this scientific basis which has given music its organic character of growth and development, until it has reached the stage of parasitic incrustation in which we see it to-day.

The musician's material is preordained to beauty. Ugly music is a contradiction in terms. Hence music fulfils, as no other art can fulfil, the definition of art as "the creation of beauty." To this must be added the singular anomaly that a mathematical criterion is available; so that we can say, in theory, that this will be a fine chord, in that its vibration numbers are as 4, 5, 6, 8 (the common chord), or a splendid voice, in that its over-tones bear some correspondingly simple relation to the fundamental note.

To our mind, the explanation of Strauss, with his tone-poem dealing with the blackguardly history of a village thief; and of the audience which will listen unconvinced to the discords between a woman's shouting voice and a dozen violins, and will gather up its traps and depart for afternoon tea in the midst of Mozart—the explanation is to be found in a positive degeneration, threatening to become a disappearance, of the ear for beauty. We speak of the cities, whose musical taste determines the fashion. How much the noise of the cities has to do with this, we cannot say. Certain it is that the ear of a child will shrink from the tone of a shrieking soprano, or the "crimson blaring" of a badly played trombone, whilst its seniors listen complacently,

and if they have "culture," will speak of "power," "intensity," "vitality," or indeed of anything but beauty—which is quite out of the question. Our theses at this time are therefore: first, the loss of the sense of beauty in sound; and, second, the recent disordered action of the scientific principle in music.

As to this second, let us compare, as typical, two works performed, one in the afternoon, the other in the evening, in London on the first day of this year. They were "Die Heldenleben," by Richard Strauss, and the "Messiah," by Handel. Each deals with a worthy theme, a great life. Strauss's work, which takes much the less time to perform, took a little over two years, we believe, to compose. Handel wrote every note of the "Messiah" (done as it is nowadays by the Royal Choral Society under Sir Frederick Bridge, without the additional accompaniments by Mozart) in eleven days. His every phrase is lucid, unmistakable, final. In Strauss's "Hero's Life" the complexity is such that you must study the full score for many weary hours before you can begin to understand it. This is the result of the development of the sciences of counterpoint and orchestration which Berlioz and Wagner so greatly furthered, and which Strauss has carried to a stage that leaves the higher mathematics far behind, as it certainly does the power of the human ear to follow and understand. A comparison more precise than that between a choral and an instrumental work is to be found in the song. Compare a Gregorian chant, or Beethoven's "Nature's Praise of God," or Schubert's "Hymn to the Almighty," with Strauss's "Song of the Priestesses of Apollo," introduced to England by Miss Marie Brema last week. We will not comment upon the frightful discord of the brass in the accompaniment, nor upon the cymbals in the peroration. Take the thing as a whole. To begin with, it is not a song. The voice is a very secondary affair compared with the orchestra. Nor is there anything even distantly suggesting melody observable anywhere throughout. Go from this attempt to render praise in music, to hear the choir at the Brompton Oratory sing a "Gloria in Excelsis" by Haydn or Mozart. You cannot call both music—the term would cease to mean anything. Yet Strauss has moments of beauty. But he is obsessed by this idea of development, of scientific progress in music; not realizing that the hearing ear is the only judge. It cares not whether the work took a year or a day, whether it be for an unaccompanied solo violin, or written on special paper with forty staves for the biggest orchestra on record. It says, "Give me beauty": having which it is satisfied.

But the same want of simplicity and sense pervades nearly all modern work. Last week, at the Broadwood Concert, we heard Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's settings of some lyrics of Tennyson. Sir Charles in the "Revenge" gave us some moments worthy of the dignity and beauty of that ballad. To-day, however, he is older and must, of course, show the "development of his genius," as the misleading phrase has it. (We have heard a critic declare that no one familiar with Wagner's later work would suspect him of "Lohengrin," which it would certainly be impossible for such an one to sit through!) Well, Sir Charles's genius has developed, or rather he has allowed it to be swamped, thus. He takes the lyric "O! Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South," which Schubert, who knew nothing about musical "science," would have made immortal, and sets it for four voices, two male and two female. Just imagine the inanity of making two men and two women sing together, for the sake of technical composition, words like those of "O! Swallow"! And, when this heterogeneous quartet has worked through the individual and personal apostrophe and has reached the last line—"tell her that I follow thee"—which is the be-all and the end-all of the poetry, lo! and behold, the technique or the "science" demands that the music shall fizzle out in

gnominy, as if the lover had said, after all his fine talking, "Well, thank goodness I haven't got to cross the Channel in this beastly weather." We venture to say that a child, singing those lines impromptu on its way up to bed, would make something more of the parting message, "I follow thee."

To the lover of beautiful tone, of simple melody, and of the true harmony it comes with the greatest shock to be told by the most modern critics that his idols were slaves of form. One of these critics, an admirer of Strauss's tone-poem, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" (and why Strauss does not drop a brick at the back of the orchestra to represent the hanging of that rascal we know not), raised his startling eyebrows—"startled" his eyebrows—at an allusion to Handel, and disposed of that lovely air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with the remark that it was "music made to order." Well, for ourselves, we prefer beauty and order to the not "admiral disorder" of ugliness apeing beauty.

An Author at Grass.

THE critic is probably never so true to his office as when he wishes to resign it under an impulse to accept and enjoy a book that touches him intimately. Speaking, no longer as a judge, but as a man overcome, he would say: "This book interests, nourishes, calms me; it is a permanent addition to my pleasures; I shall read it often."

We think that not a few critics would be content to offer only this personal witness in regard to Mr. George Gissing's book, "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." Under a veil of biography Mr. Gissing has given us a more compact and direct revelation of himself than can be captured in his novels. That such a revelation was worth having will not be questioned. To have read "The New Grub Street," "The Whirlpool," "Born in Exile," "Demos," "The Year of Jubilee," "A Life's Morning," "The Charlatan," "The Town Traveller," is at least to have learned that Mr. Gissing has an interesting mind. These twenty years he has been known for an intellectual novelist who unites observation made keen by experience with a literary power fed by scholarship. Mr. Gissing's "public" may not be large, but each one of his adherents has been individually won, not hustled into the ranks by a craze or a coterie. The career of no living novelist has been more individual. Year by year there has grown up a band of readers who, though they have never used the name (or invented a hymnology of discipleship), are sworn Gissingites. Some one said of a book, "If Daudet wrote it, I want it," and to-day there are those who say, "I will read anything of Gissing's." This is literary success: terms like fame and genius may wait.

Many may differ on Mr. Gissing's achievement; but few will demur to any praise, however warm, of his native ability, his acquired skill, and his singleness of mind in an age of literary opportunism. Unlog-rolled, unboomed—alas! that we should use such words—he has fared on through periods and popularities, winning nothing more showy than the hearty respect of everyone who can recognise a true man of letters. Averse from pyrotechny of thought or phrase, he has produced books which the panting fuglemen of reputations could not read while they ran. Excellent error! Yet he has that to offer which grows rarer every year, a slow, cultured, and sagacious grasp of reality. He has plunged into life with the crowd, then written of it with the grave solicitude of a thinker who knows that art is long and the world very old. It is inevitable that such work will engage men's minds afresh, will have a new and enlightened welcome.

And now, before his readers are really mustered, Mr. Gissing writes a book which, in a manner, is the coping-stone of his literary life. "Hoc erat in votis" are the simple Horatian words on the title page, and we are told of the supposititious Ryecroft: "I suspect that, in his happy leisure, there grew upon him a desire to write one more book, a book which should be written merely for his own satisfaction." The whole note of this, his imputed book, is heard in its personal testimonies of joy and regret. It is the man who is served by the author; the last touch of professional writing is gone; the things which had been said in character, or with circumstances of indirectness, are said with testamentary dignity—the gold of a life, hoarded and minted and rendered to Caesar. Perhaps every novelist of worth ought to write such a book, though to demand it would be presumption. Still, it would be good, if at the last, or earlier, a novelist would emerge from his world of creations and open his meaning in direct communications like these. That Mr. Gissing has written such a book is matter for gratitude; that, being written, it makes such correspondence with all his work is a proof of intellectual consistency.

We have no mind to describe the book in detail, nor shall we ask the reader to see in many quoted fragments the charm of the whole. We might dwell on its long sigh of relief at escape from the London literary scramble; its long sigh of contentment with unlooked-for leisure to taste the earth, the simple realities, and the inner spirit of books. We might bring in the intimacies and repulsions of place from a memory which has stored the dreariness of the City Road in fog, and the whiteness of a little town on the Acroceranion promontory. We might pass from Dickens to Tibullus, from Gibbon to Xenophon. We might seek the personal equation in many an arresting proposition. For the book remains the "incondite miscellany" to which its four chapters, named after the four seasons, lend a semblance of order sufficient for the eye and the approach: a revelation of self must needs be broken and diverse to have the unity of truth.

With unusual feelings we leave these delectable pages. It is seldom that a new book seems fit to be wedged between old. As we close it the winds of March are already sweeping through the night; the rain flings cold on the window; in the blackness the poplars sway and despair; and, when these voices are still, the immeasurable soft tumult of the distant forest rises like some vaster synthesis of all that men feel and would fain utter in books. How great a gift is any book of which one is quietly aware that one will read it when twenty Marches have stormed over roof and field.

Impressions.

XXII.—Stars and a Ship.

It was late in the evening in an hotel at Venice, and the tired sight-seers were gathered in the withdrawing-rooms that opened from the hall, chattering and reading the American and English newspapers. The talk—such as you may hear in any drawing-room in London or New York, slight, trivial, pleasant—was at its loudest when the Sailor came quietly through the swing doors. About him was the air of one who had passed his life under wide skies, in the company of his own simple thoughts. His clear eyes looked out from his bronzed face in search of his friends. Having found them, from the corner of the room to which they welcomed him came his deep voice, giving forth sonorously, in lulls of the general conversation, startling fragments of his adventures during his last voyage. Into that upholstered room leaked something of the wonder of the world. By degrees the sight-seers

retired, till at last nobody was left but the Sailor and his friends. I joined them.

As the night wore on he talked more freely, and when one asked him what sights had made the most impression on him during the disastrous voyage, he answered, "The Stars and a Ship. As I have said, we were on the island three weeks before we were rescued. It was flat, and at night, lying awake, stretched on my back, there seemed to be nothing in the whole world but the great Southern sky blazing with stars, and myself. I had always cared about astronomy, and as I lay there night after night bits of knowledge, half forgotten, came back to me, and, piecing them together, I brooded myself into that immensity till I seemed to understand. I realised with extraordinary vividness the procession of the Great Nebula in Orion across the firmament. And in the middle of that stupendous fire mist was the great multiple star. I saw, I think, some of the faint stars, so remote that if the tidings of the first Christmas at Bethlehem could have been flashed by telegraph to them, the message would still be travelling through space. Then I gazed at the nearest star, Alpha Centauri, visible in those latitudes, and I saw the two great suns of which it is composed slowly revolving round each other, doing their part in the stupendous movement of the heavenly worlds in a plan that has been unchanged since the beginning of things. Nothing else seemed worth doing, but to lie there at night and dream of the evolution of those bodies eternally obeying the will of the Creator.

"It was in the very early morning that the ship which rescued us came. It was light, there were no stars, the sea was a great desolate waste, as if man had never done anything to disturb the early simplicity of the world as it looked when ready for man. I was staring idly out at the sea when suddenly I heard a whistle, and from behind the headland shot out a big steamer. The apparition was so sudden that I could not signal. Action was impossible in the thought of all that vessel meant. Out of the brown earth, with nothing but his own hands to help him, man dug and made for his use every appliance, every luxury that that vessel contained. Steam, the compass, lighting, books, foods, clothes, everything had been found and fashioned by him with no help but his own brains and hands. It seemed so wonderful, that I said to myself—"

"Yes?"

"I hardly like to say it here, but that steamer alone on the sea put it into my head. I thought the Creator must be a little astonished at all the things man has grubbed out of the old brown earth."

Egeria's Childhood.

In her pretentious preface to a book, "The Romance of My Childhood and Youth," by Mme. Edmond Adam (Heinemann), whose chief charm should consist in its simplicity, Madame Adam (Juliette Lamber) makes the mistake of taking herself seriously as a writer; whereas her sole claim upon our notice is the fact that she has been a public woman, one who held in days now almost forgotten a political salon. As a writer Juliette Lamber does not count. To-day in Paris you will hear malcontents assert that Madame Adam is the true type of the sort of woman who wins her way into a conspicuous place under Republican rule—the epitome of pretentious mediocrity—without a particle of distinction. There is no use in reminding these malcontents of the Dubarrys of Royalist rule. Théroigne de Méricourt is at present being held up to reactionary reprobation, since M. Hervieu has recalled her to public consideration, as the epitome of the Revolution. Perhaps when the annals of Gambetta's times come to be ransacked for literary or dramatic

purposes a hundred years hence, some playwright or literary portraitist will seize the personality of Madame Adam, and throw slight upon the Third Republic by showing up the common and inferior quality of its Egerias. True Madame Adam has now, by her conversion, gone over to the turbulent and so-called patriotic minority. But in this light she plays no more part than Théroigne at la Salpêtrière. To live in the memory of men she must be content to be known as Gambetta's Egeria, as the lovely president of an intriguing political salon which was a kind of succursale of the minister's cabinet. Later on she associated herself with the Russian Alliance through her review, "La Nouvelle Revue," and a complaisant coterie helped her to believe in her own political importance long after the hour of sunset.

To come forward with the romance of her childhood and youth, as that of a woman who has lived life to the full, sought repose from the complications of varied romances and politics in the writing of a few unreadable novels, is a thing perfectly justifiable in itself. But why preface it with such arrant stuff as Madame Adam's inflated commonplaces translated into common English? Here is a sentence taken at hazard: "It requires time to discover the master thought of any work of real worth in order to disclose its high morality, its art tendencies." Could anything be in more doubtful taste than such writing as this set before a record of childhood? "Art tendencies" may be American for aught we know, but it is very vile English. Another long quotation from this impossible preface will give the author's measure: "The asking of a question or two, and even the explanation of a phenomenon which is often as clear as day, can be undertaken as we hurry along, but simply to examine the 'whys and wherefores' of things, or to attempt to discover the laws of facts, or group them methodically, giving the logical relations of these laws in general origins—verily, only a few vulgar, slang words can express the impression made on the minds of those who wish to be considered 'modern men,' with respect to these very problems of which we of the elder generation are so fond, and which are called by the modern stuff." I have not read this choice passage in the original French, so cannot pronounce upon the injustice it may have suffered at the hands of the translator, but it is not encouraging as an invitation to perusal of the book.

Childhood is always an interesting study, but the absence of style and of what Madame Adam would grandiloquently call "art tendencies," but what I prefer to call the revelation of the artist, is here so conspicuous, the place being so lamentably filled with a tiresome pedantry, an unchildlike tone of speech and reflection, that "The Romance of My Childhood and Youth" falls flat as entertainment, and adds nothing to our knowledge of a complex and engaging period. From the point of view of literature, the French is so utterly common, so undistinguished, so lacking in all the qualities of French prose, that no translation could do it signal injustice. The book opens with a description of the romantic grandmother, which contains all the elements of an original portrait, but on the fourth page we are repelled by a confession of a childish instinct carried out so faithfully in after life. "Between my father and my grandfather I applied myself, instinctively at first, determinedly later, to be something. Was that the starting-point of my resolve to be somebody?" This is the parvenu's touch: genius is spontaneous and unconscious in its early revelation. We hear of relatives "very properly educated." The story of the grandmother's romantic search and choice of a husband, if told prettily and quaintly, would make a charming tale, but grace, wit and humour are not qualities we must look for in Madame Adam, and so our consolation lies in the fact that these sketches may serve a future novelist or short-story teller, who, having Molière's belief that he must take

his material where he finds it, would do well to steal this odd and amusing *Pélagie* and her lover *Pierre Seron*, and serve them up again renewed and vitalised by art.

Madame Adam's father, a Jacobin of the Revolutionary school, is a sympathetic figure, the mother insupportable, and all the family troubles and quarrels dull enough in spite of the originality of some of the characters. Little Juliette was spoiled between them all, and being talkative and quick she was soon accepted in the domestic circle as a genius, and allowed to dominate everybody, grandfather, grandmother, and father. Only her mother had sense to recognise that she was "a pretentious little chatterbox." "My grandfather did not wish that they should 'clean' me every day, water he declared made pimples on the face. . . . One cannot imagine nowadays how little they washed themselves in our Picardy in the year of grace 1839. They soaped their faces only on Sundays in the kitchen, and their hands every morning."

Quite the prettiest thing in the book, almost pretty enough to justify it, is the visit to the great-aunts. The donkey and these three old ladies, living like recluses, never having once in the course of their lives gone beyond their garden, and dressing like peasants, are really delightful. "I was less of a child than these five women, including Marguerite, who ate at the same table with us. They were interested in little nothings: my manner of talking, my funny ways, my assurance and important air were taken in earnest whenever any great questions were discussed. My aunts were delighted to find their minds in constant movement under my impulsion." Aunt Sophie teaches her Latin and translates the "*Bucolics*" to her, they talk together of Homer and Virgil, and Aunt Constance teaches her to cut grass and clover for the donkey while they discuss Sismondi's history of the Italian Republics. Bred in such an original atmosphere, the amazing thing is that Juliette Lamber did not turn out an original character herself. The refined and gracious charm of these delicate little old ladies of Soissons, preserving intact the quaint features of old maidenhood shut out from the world, cultured and obscure, is worthy a tale of Hawthorne or Mrs. Gaskell. Not dull old ladies their niece represents them, but "witty, quizzical, and gay," we are not surprised that the last surviving at eighty told her niece "she did not like her epoch." Nothing could be more unlike them than the further development of their niece with her youthful politics, her inexplicable marriage, and its no less inexplicable consequences. The book reads better in English than in French, and is interesting as the story of a full and active life.

H. L.

Lamb's Composite Portraits.

To his confession: "I love to lose myself in other men's minds," Lamb might well have added: "and I love to lose other men's minds in my own." Books thought for him, giving to his receptive mind striking passages which, appropriated with no conscious effort of memory, became part of his mental wealth to be re-issued when called for in forms differing in some instances so slightly from their originals as to appear what they purported to be—*virgin* quotations, verbally untouched. But on examination, the work of the meddler becomes apparent; and we see how, as with his own loved Izaak Walton, his quotations are but what he thought them to be; to verify them he troubled himself in no way. In many cases what he undoubtedly considered actual transcripts were unmistakable improvisations.

Akin to such attitude was that which permitted (or prompted) him to carry into his writings names, occurrences, characters, combining, deleting or adding to as

the whim moved him with the result that those seeking now-a-days for Lamb-origins and prototypes find themselves in a bewildering maze.

That in every case Lamb's characters had their respective prototypes cannot, I think, be questioned. To build up a character, it was necessary that he should have a "somebody" to work from: he nearly always discarded his model after it had furnished him with the required start, but he needed some definite personality to begin with.

How careful he was to hide away his model on the first possible opportunity might be seen in his treatment of "Captain Jackson." Here it would appear that immediately he touched his original he thrust it from him, in some overpowering dread. Little wonder that "Captain Jackson" has so far "baffled research!"

"Captain Jackson" originally appeared in the "London Magazine" for November 1824; and the paper, it will be remembered, begins: "Among the deaths in our obituary for this month, I observe with concern 'At his cottage on the Bath Road, Captain Jackson' He whom I mean was a retired half-pay officer." The essay is—well! Elian, and as such offers scope to all students of Lamb who care to pursue the subject. Suffice it for us here to direct attention to the obituary column of the "London Magazine" for December 1821, where particulars are given of the death of Lamb's old friend Captain (recently gazetted Rear-Admiral) Burney, at his house, St. James Street, Buckingham Gate, in his seventy-second year.

Then with reference to Mrs. Battle—"old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game of whist!" Lamb tells us that she died in "that haunted room" in Blakesmoor in H-shire. Some particular elements of her composition probably did, but others clearly continued to exist in the personality of Mrs. Burney, whose "determined questioning of the score, after the game was absolutely gone to the d—l," was one of the old images revived in Lamb's mind by a letter of Ayrton's in 1830.

We all know of the intimacy between Lamb and Tom Hood. Hood, it will be remembered, married in 1824 a daughter of Reynolds, the writing-master of Christ's Hospital, who lived in Little Britain. About this time Hood wrote a facetious proposal of marriage in verse addressed to "Mrs. Battle, care of Mrs. Reynolds, Little Britain"; and this prompts us to enquire whether any Mrs. Battle was known to the Reynoldses. If not, one of two conjectures might be correct: either that in the Reynolds circle some one lived answering sufficiently to Lamb's picture of the immortal Mrs. Battle to cause friends to conclude that she was the original; or that, as a result of Lamb's presentment of Mrs. Battle as the incarnation of the temper of the game, anyone devoted to whist became known as of the tribe of Battle, and that one such enthusiast lived, at the time of Hood's writing, under the Reynolds's roof. We incline to the opinion that Hood knew no actual Mrs. Battle.

As to the name Sarah Battle! If the two Mrs. B.'s—Battle and Burney—were identical, we have not far to seek for part of it. Mrs. Burney's Christian name was Sarah. For Battle we must go further a-field.

Before me as I write lies a little octavo in old brown calf, entitled "*Vulgar Errors in Divinity Removed*," published in 1683. The Dedication is signed Ralph Battell. It is just such a book as Lamb would have picked up for a few pence on one of his rambles. Between its pages is a letter in the autograph of Allan Cunningham, dated August 28, 1822, regretting his inability to accept his correspondent's welcome invitation, adding: "In the course of eight or ten days I will hazard an evening call on you—your prints and your company will be enough—the addition of Irish whisky would make a feast for the gods." I like to think that this book was once the

property of Lamb, and that this letter was addressed to him, escaping in some way the fate of his friends' communications. But there is no proof of this, and the name of the addressee is wanting in the letter.

It is, however, possible that the name of the author of the book furnished Lamb with his "Battle," as Mrs. Burney's had given him "Sarah." There is also, I think, sufficient similarity between some of the text of Battell's "Vulgar Errors" and that of Lamb's "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," to make it likely that a copy of the former was not only in the possession of Elia, but was also read by him, about the time his essay was written.

Lamb probably also took from this old author's name the "Ralph" of his "Ralph Bigod" (the John Fenwick of "The Two Races of Men," an essay written about the same time as "Mrs. Battle"). Lamb's "The latter are born degraded: 'He shall serve his brethren,'" appears but a compression of the old author's "The elder shall serve the younger, as it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated. . . . These words are not spoken of 'Jacob' or 'Esau's' persons, but by a figure the person of either is put to represent and shadow cut the condition of their Posterities," and so on.

Another Lamb production of this period was "A Quakers' Meeting." Anyone reading it together with passages such as "He assisting us with inward motions, carrying forth our affections with zeal and fervency, further than naturally they would tend," might easily be pardoned for associating with Elia's production the chapter Battell entitles, "Vulgar Errors Concerning Praying by the Spirit Removed."

Take again the case of Lamb's Mr. Hedges, who for some reason seems to have been associated in his mind with his friend Tobin. In a letter to Southey, August 9, 1815, Lamb writes: "Tobin is dead. But there is a man in my office, a Mr. Hedges, who prosed it away from morning to night, and never gets beyond corporal and material verities. . . . When I can't sleep o' nights, I imagine a dialogue with Mr. Hedges, upon any given subject, and go prosing on in fancy with him, till I either laugh or fall asleep." In his "Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago," Lamb gives us the picture of a monitor, "one H—, who, I learned in after days, was seen expiating some maturer offence in the hulks." (Do I flatter myself in fancying that this might be the planter of that name, who suffered—at Nevis, I think, or St. Kitts—some few years since? My friend Tobin was the benevolent instrument of bringing him to the gallows.) This petty Nero actually branded a boy, who had offended him, with a red-hot iron; and nearly starved forty of us, with exacting contributions, to the one-half of our bread, to pamper a young ass," &c. Was the Mr. Hedges of the India House, with his "material verities," the grown-up H—, the "petty Nero" of Christ's Hospital? His fellow-clerk Pitman once got Lamb to solve for him the riddle of the initials and asterisks of the "Essays of Elia," and against this "H—" Lamb set down "Hodges," a disguise we can well understand, if the Hedges of his office was really the individual intended. The MS. to which I refer lies before me, and the alterations in it in Lamb's autograph are interesting. Against "S—" he had at first written "Stevens died in Bedlam," and "M—" had been interpreted as "Middleton dismiss'd school." "Stevens" was subsequently altered to "Scott," and "Middleton" to "Maunde." But the o in "Hodges" did not become an e.

It might interest readers to know, in connection with the above, that Lamb presented a copy of his 1798 "Rosamund Gray" to a certain Henry Hedges.

JOHN ROGERS.

Drama.

The Seriousness of Comedy.

I TAKE it that the quality which chiefly differentiates true comedy, not only from farce, but also from the various forms of pseudo-comedy, is its extreme seriousness. The end of farce is sheer laughter, the crackling of thorns beneath the pot. The end of the so-called comedy of intrigue is a narrative interest, in the neat unravelling of an ingenious plot. True comedy, on the other hand, has always its strenuous outlook upon life. Through laughter it aims straight at the moral sense, and more than one reformer has found with Mr. Bernard Shaw that its incidental merriment is the best of anaesthetics, when the knife of progressive ideas is to be applied to the slow intelligence of a *bourgeois* society. Herein it has the advantage, if one likes to put it so, of tragedy. Aristotle said—perhaps in the regrettable absence of Mr. A. B. Walkley I may be allowed to quote Aristotle—that tragedy is more philosophical than history. He might have gone on to say that comedy is more ethical than tragedy. Tragedy, indeed, is hardly concerned with ethics as such at all. It awakens the pity and awe which spring from the clash and collision of the great with the greater. Moral greatness may be, and often is, one of the forces which it marshals, but in the tragic view moral greatness, like any other form of human greatness, must inevitably be overwhelmed in the collision with fate or circumstance, or stupidity, or something still greater than itself. And is the issue of suicide, which is generally the ultimate expression of the pessimism of tragedy, anything else than the negation of that will to live in which, when rightly understood, the moral sense is found to be rooted?

It is, of course, this ethical character of comedy which makes it attractive to so serious a mind as that of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. For the mere manner of comedy Mr. Jones has not, to my thinking, any special aptitude. His humour is rarely irresponsible. His dialogue does not flower naturally into epigram. He relies largely upon his interpreters—safely enough when they are Mr. Arthur Boucher and Miss Violet Vanbrugh—to put the fun into his plays. But the moral purpose, which is the heart of the matter, he can generally be trusted to supply. "Whitewashing Julia," now, at the Garrick, is just what a comedy should be, a deft entertainment, and an adroitly insinuated sermon on the desirability of social charity. Its theme is a variation on that of "The School for Scandal." Lady Pinkney is the Lady Sneerwell of the Scandal Club in the little cathedral town of Shanctonbury, and the Hon. Bevis Pinkney, who is married to the bishop's daughter, combines the parts of Joseph Surface and Sir Benjamin Backbite. The opening scene is placed in the refreshment tent of a charitable bazaar, and the club is engaged in the congenial task of passing a social ostracism upon Julia Wren, who has returned to Shanctonbury, the home of her childhood, under the shadow of a somewhat vague scandal, in which a Grand Duke at Homburg and a puff-box standing where it ought not are conspicuous features. Julia, if I understand Mr. Jones aright, is an essentially true-natured woman, although I am bound to admit that Miss Vanbrugh gave a touch of ambiguity to the part by occasionally reminding one of the adventuress in "My Lady Virtue." Nothing is more tedious than the analysis of the plot of a comedy; and I do not propose to relate the steps by which, mainly through the agency of the genial and broad-minded amorist, William Stillingfleet, the overthrow of the Hon. Bevis and the rehabilitation of Mrs. Wren in Shanctonbury society are brought about.

Mr. Jones' moral, for all its very different expression, is precisely that of the Tolstoyan juryman in "Resurrection," whose sole contribution to the trial of the Maslova is the reiterated truth, "We are none of us saints!" The best of it is that the true story of the puff-box, like that of "ould Grouse in the gun-room," is never told. I observe that such of my colleagues of the daily papers as were allowed to be present at the first night's performance are inclined to make a grievance of this. So, no doubt, were the good folk of Shantonbury. To me it seems to reveal a lighter touch than is quite usual with Mr. Jones. Perhaps he has been studying in the school of Mr. Henry James.

The twentieth-century critic is ashamed of nothing so little as of ignorance. And why therefore should I hesitate to confess that my enjoyment of Sudermann's "Es Lebe das Leben" at the Great Queen Street Theatre was very considerably interfered with by a most imperfect acquaintance with colloquial German. Nor is the guttural speech of our distant kinsmen and temporary allies, apart from the ideas which it is used to convey, precisely—

like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more!

As a matter of fact I made my pilgrimage to Great Queen Street less to see Sudermann's play than to see the distinguished Berlin actress, Madame Rosa Bertens, who had come to London to take her original part of Beate von Kellinhausen. It was well worth while. Madame Bertens acts with great intelligence, with real emotional force when necessary, and with an absence of restlessness and exaggeration from which some of our own *tragédiennes* might well take example. For the study of the mimic art it is perhaps in some ways an advantage rather than a drawback to be slightly at sea with the language. You learn how much really depends upon gesture, upon facial expression, upon intonation, upon all the shade and colour which a trained interpreter instinctively adds to the bare outline of the text. But the play itself may serve to illustrate what I have already said about the essentially unmoral character of tragedy as compared with that of comedy. I speak, of course, of its direct didactic intention, not of the purification of the imagination and the emotions which accompanies it. Beate von Kellinhausen has lived her life, and has brought it into an inextricable tangle. She is divided between her affection for her husband and children, and her old passion, now no more than a loyal friendship, for Richard von Völkerlingk. Richard's own life is bound up in his political future, which is threatened by the disclosure of his former relations with Beate. For the sake of this future and for the sake of her daughter who is to marry Richard's son, Beate will atone. She takes poison and leaves her secret buried in the hearts of her husband and her lover. She has lived her life. My point is that, while such a theme touches close upon realities of human existence, it does not pass any judgment upon them. It states facts as they are, traces the interwoven motives of action, and shows the sorrowful issues to which they lead. But it does not offer a solution of those issues or suggest an ideal from which they may be excluded. It does not, directly, condemn or teach. The "ought" is left out of it. Now comedy, however much it may adorn its lesson with arabesques of wit and fancy, always has its eye on the "ought."

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Grave, New, and Gay.

FIRST, the Grave: what word so fitly describes the best old English mezzotints? Under the austere command of this art, which modern haste has hustled into desuetude, even the portraits of beautiful women of a past day take on a gravity and repose that their youth does not deserve. The old mezzotints are no longer within reach of slender purses: they are in fashion now, and humble admirers must seek them in the windows of shops in bye-streets, or in such an exhibition as that open just now at Messrs. Colnaghi's in Pall Mall. Last year at this season Valentine Green's work was being shown, now James and Thomas Watson are honoured. The Watsons were not related, and little is known about these two industrious men who left to the world so much that is beautiful. James was born in Ireland in 1739, he exhibited at Spring Gardens, and he died in 1790. Thomas was born in London in 1743, he kept a print shop in Bond Street, and he died in 1781. As patient unambitious men one thinks of them, hard-working, poring over the plates year after year, well content to be the interpreters of the creations of greater men, and spreaders of their fame. For one man who has seen a particular portrait by Sir Joshua, thousands know it through the mezzotints of such engravers as the Watsons. There are fifty-three mezzotints at Messrs. Colnaghi's, and thirty-four are after Sir Joshua Reynolds. Many of the pictures from which they are engraved are familiar. Who else but Sir Joshua would and could have painted C. J. Fox sporting with the Ladies Sarah Lennox and Susan Strangways, which James Watson engraved? Who else could have given that group the distinction of the grand manner? One elegant companion stands with Fox, gazing upwards, the other leans from a window holding a dove in her hand. In another of James Watson's mezzotints, Mrs. Hale, as Euphrosyne, walks swiftly and lightly across the plate with sandalled feet; in a third, the strong, eloquent face of Edmund Burke gazes out at the spectator. Among the mezzotints by Thomas Watson, who is the finer artist of the two, there is Sir Joshua's beautiful Mrs. Crewe. She is seated against a tree, her chin resting on her hand, reading, against a background of water and hills. Here, too, is the celebrated set of "Windsor Beauties" after Lely, and after Sir Joshua the unforgettable portrait of Garrick, the Bartolozzi, and Warren Hastings in a flowered waistcoat. The same feeling of repose and gravity informs all. The Watsons, and their fellow-workers, having mastered the art, were content to go on quietly, improving if possible, but not seeking other channels of expression for their talent. To pass from these mezzotints hanging on the walls of their quiet room to the twenty-first exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers on the other side of Pall Mall, is like being taken from some venerable ancestral house to a modern hotel quite new, very luxurious, and cosmopolitan.

Second, the New: stand for a minute in the middle of the gallery where the two hundred and seventy-three exhibits of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers hang, and you will recognise that "the New" is a fitting description. A few still practise mezzotint: fewer still interpret the work of other men. Who would think of making a mezzotint of a Sargent portrait? We are painter-etchers now, and engravers with ebullient temperaments. Mr. Alfred East pauses in his painting, and takes a plate to express his vision of "A Cotswold Farm" or "Stow-on-the-Wold." The result is interesting, decorative, akin to tapestry, new, very new, an expression of individuality, but not the frank English country we saw as a background to Thomas Watson's mezzotint of Sir Joshua's "Mrs. Crewe." The climes have been

explored for subjects. On the walls of this exhibition my eye is caught by a scene where polar bears are the chief actors; by a woman of fashion driving in a smart carriage; by a Russian Rabbi; by the Shambles, York; by the Debtor's Door, Newgate Prison; by George Fox on the Haystack; by Beggars at a Belgian Church Door; by a scene from the second book of Esdras; by the Cradle of a Mermaid. But with the memory of the grave Watson mezzotints over the way still with me, it was M. Helleu's large, slight, brilliant presentments of Parisian ladies that spoke in clearest voice of the new methods of the new men. There, Catherine, Lady Bampfylde, and the Beauties of Windsor—here, Mme. L. and Mlle. X. The contrast between the two methods is suggestive, and illustrates the change from the old to the new. Over one of these etchings of fashionable beauties—dainty, delicate, soulless—the arrangement of their hair, the design of their frocks illustrating the latest mode, M. Helleu spent an infinitesimal portion of the time that one of the Watsons took to complete a mezzotint. They look it. There was a time when these Mlle. X.'s were novel and seemed very attractive, but the eye tires, appreciation droops, when one sees them year after year, always pretty, always smart, and always conforming to the same type. M. Chahine affords another example of the cleverness which titillates without leaving any abiding sense of pleasure. His "Viel Ouvrier Sans Travail" slouching down the pavement is extremely clever, and no doubt a typical presentment of one of the French unemployed. It should be judged on its merits as a brilliant specimen of the work of a modern painter-etcher, but that other portrait of Edmund Burke, the grave mezzotint by James Watson, with its velvety texture and rich blacks loomed up before me, and, without fuss, displaced the brilliant "Viel Ouvrier Sans Travail." Some of the etchings, however, stood their ground—some which express a personal and restrained note of accomplishment, such as the work of Mr. Frank Short. The lines of his "Old Steaming Box at Lynn" have real beauty: this etching shows once more how a quite ordinary object can become pictorial in the hands of the man who has mastered the difficult art of knowing what to reject. Mr. Charles Holroyd is also an accomplished master in the art of rejection, not so much in his interiors, but certainly in his landscape plates. In the absence of Mr. Strang and Mr. Cameron, who have retired from the Society, I find in Mr. Holroyd the etcher whose work gives me the most pleasure. Again and again I returned to look at his "Cypress Trees near Siena, the Osservanza in the distance." Here is the true feeling for Italian landscape. The six trees stand up, in noble simplicity, on the hillside, filling and decorating the spacious country, giving its sentiment and its character. Fine too, and dignified is his "Great End, Scawfell, and Sprinkling Tarn," so simple in composition, with the dark rock reflected in the still water. Mr. Holroyd's work is new and modern, as the intense feeling for landscape is modern, but his work has also something of the simplicity and dignity of the old.

Third, the Gay: gaiety is the note of the two hundred and more little pictures by members of the Langham Sketching Club now being shown at the Woodbury Gallery. The Club, which was founded in 1838, meets every Friday evening during the winter season, "when its members devote two hours to producing sketches of given subjects, and afterwards sup together." Here are crowds of little pictures done in high spirits, against time, the activity of his neighbour urging each one to excel, and supper at the end. A grave subject may find a place, or a sad one, but the note of these pictures done at high speed is gaiety—a right note to end on.

C. L. H.

Science.

A Chain—or a Spur?

It would be but superficial to regard Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace's remarkable article in the "Fortnightly Review" as a mere matter of idiosyncrasy. But colour is lent to this view by the ease with which his statements may be refuted. In brief, his conclusion is this: The earth is the actual centre of the universe, and the position of man upon it is special and probably unique. The supreme end and purpose of this vast universe was the production and development of the living soul in the perishable body of man.

This paper is certainly the logical outcome of the curious course of Dr. Wallace's mind during several past decades. Worthless in itself, it is yet to me of the gravest significance as a study in mind—in mind using wrong methods. Long ago Dr. Wallace independently conceived the theory of organic evolution. He fought well for it when people cared and fighting was needed. So much work, indubitably, has Dr. Wallace done for the world. The good remains. His name will be remembered in its relation to the supreme discovery of the ages, the discovery of which the publication of the "Origin of Species" in 1859 may be taken as the landmark. The generalisation of evolution is the lasting legacy of that century to its successors. But the deductions from that fact are entirely another matter. A materialism astoundingly crude was the expression of the swing of the pendulum in the 'sixties. It is rampant, of course, to-day, though in a very different form.

In a recently published letter Ruskin expressed his opinions upon Lord Avebury's list of the "hundred best books." Amongst those through which he dashed an angry pen, as objectionable and dangerous, was Darwin's thunderbolt above referred to. And how wise were his reasons. The book seemed to him dangerous, because it attracted a crowd of idle, curious people concerned with the secondary question of their history and descent, whilst forgetful of their proper realm of thought, the primary question of their immediate personal business here and now. To all such, Darwin, in Ruskin's delightful words, was "like a dim comet wagging its tail of phosphorescent nothing across the steadfast stars." The comment was only too just. The deduction from evolution was, that if man be brother to the worm, he is practically but a worm; that if his ancestor be Simian and gibbering—the "dead-sea ape" of Carlyle—to the body of this death he is for ever chained. Dr. Wallace's attempt to reinstate the Ptolemaic Cosmogony, and to prove that man is the very centre and apex of all things, is the reaction from this hopeless view. Both methods of reasoning are faulty. But, of the two, the later is infinitely preferable, infinitely nearer to the truth. Wisdom is justified of her children. Dr. Wallace's wisdom is in the conviction—innate, intuitive, call it what you will—the truth of which he has sought by a method as futile as superfluous to prove.

For my Simian ancestry perturbs me no whit. I cannot for the life of me see why the means of my production should affect the validity of *me*. The evolutionist, with whom Dr. Wallace was himself so long identified, and from whom he has now so completely sundered himself, has lost the glory of to-day and the promise of the future in the unmasking of his past. If evolution be purely a matter of retrospect, Ruskin's expurgation is justified, and Dr. Wallace's wild article is a splendid, if desperate protest.

If a given sun or planet were proved to be the centre of the universe, that physical relation, great indeed to think upon, would be nothing worth beside the smallest of the unselfish acts or noble thoughts of man. That is to say,

if the dwellers on that supposed centre were merely beasts or blackguards, then Mother Earth and her brood would take precedence of them by right divine. Therefore the mere question of position in space, upon which Dr. Wallace has argued at such length, is beside the point. But, to his mind, it is part of the argument. Man's value to the universe, he thinks, depends in some measure upon the position of the globe which he inhabits. Now this is an indication of the folly of Dr. Wallace's method. He seems to me to be trying to prove the great instant fact of the present by reference to the past. For, despite himself, he is an evolutionist at bottom; and, among scientists, that is to be, with rare exceptions, like Lot's wife. She, as they of themselves, knew whence she had come. She, like them, must vainly look backwards. They, like her, are therefore become pillars of salt.

And this is where I follow Stevenson and Tennyson and Drummmond. There is no need for splendid revolt against evolution, no need for wild theorizing. It is correct, I am told, to decry Tennyson's later work. Mr. Andrew Lang, in his lifelet of the seer, makes no mention of one or two poems which, for their relation to the great thoughts of a momentous epoch, are certain of immortality. Now I adore the melody of the *Juvenilia*. "Where Claribel low-lieth" is a line that ever delights me. But, among his unread work, Tennyson gave us a line that has another value: "As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher." Now it is a matter of interest only remote and speculative to me how much headway they have made in Mars. I have one or two friends with whom I would dare challenge the best of any race on any planet, central or circumferential, in the Universe. They establish our "Place in Nature" finally enough for me. I do not need Dr. Wallace to argue from the depth of the Atlantic or the nature of atmospheric dust that man is a little lower than the angels. A few among our fellows make that patent enough—thank God—to most of us.

The monkey is to man the pledge for posterity. When I know what he implies, I cease to consider him further. Ourselves and our children are far more interesting. Ages yet unborn will recall the nineteenth—as Dr. Wallace has called it, the "wonderful"—century for its establishment of the supreme theory of evolution. They will forget the deductions of that century. It had made such an astounding induction that its power of reasoning forwards was in abeyance. I would have the men of the twentieth century to be remembered as well, and perhaps even more gratefully, by posterity. How we should respect the monkey if we knew that he had guessed the truth and had planned and plotted to make the most of his latent possibilities—that *we* might be! So, in a distant æon, ere the sun has grown too cold, may the transfigured men who wear our form, but who have achieved all that our noblest have but dared to dream—may they look back on us and say, "The men of the nineteenth century found the Truth, but the men of the twentieth looked 'before and after,' and pined and strove for what indeed was not, but, by the promise of that Truth, assuredly was to be."

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

The Characters of Theophrastus.

SIR,—With reference to your "Bookworm's" paragraph concerning the new translation of the "Characters" of Theophrastus, in which it is stated that "the most modern version till now, has been that of Isaac Taylor (1836)," will you permit me to point out the singular omission of

all mention of Prof. Jebb's admirable translation, published in 1870 by Messrs. Macmillan? This, I believe, is now out of print. As it is obviously out of the question to suppose that the new translators are also in ignorance of Prof. Jebb's edition, it is difficult to conceive an adequate reason for their work of seeming supererogation.

—Yours, &c.,

M. S. G. M.

London.

Nietzsche.

SIR,—Apropos of the review of Nietzsche's "Dawn of Day" in last week's ACADEMY, may I suggest that the erratic way in which the English translation of Nietzsche's works is being issued may in some measure account for the imperfect understanding and slight appreciation his writings have met with in England.

No author is more difficult to sample haphazard than Nietzsche. To begin at the wrong end with "Der Fall Wagner" and the esoteric prose poem "Zarathustra," then to jump a little further back to "Morgenröthe," is a course well calculated to baffle and perplex the reader. But to read Nietzsche's works in their proper order, as they came hot from the forge of his fiery brain, is to follow tentatively the evolutions of a remarkable mind not least remarkable for its plasticity, and to gain a clear insight into an astoundingly complex personality. One should first make acquaintance with Nietzsche in "Die Geburt der Tragödie aus dem Geiste der Musik," that glorious "first careless rapture" of youthful enthusiasm written under the magic spell of the sunny Greeks and Richard Wagner. To the same period belong the four masterly essays, "Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen," dealing respectively with Strauss, Schopenhauer, The Teaching of History, and Richard Wagner in Bayreuth. "Menschliches Allzumenschliches" marks the crisis in Nietzsche's career when he separated himself from Wagner. "Morgenröthe" and "Die Fröhliche Wissenschaft" show him groping in the blind alleys of materialism towards the mountain-top on which he emerges as the rose-crowned Zarathustra. After came "Jenseits von Gut und Böse; Zur Genealogie der Moral," and the bombshells hurled at Wagner and all old idols and existing institutions in the volume called "Götzendämmerung," which also contains "Antichrist," the only fragment extant of what was designed to be Nietzsche's masterpiece, the great "Umwertung aller Werthe," the gospel he would have proclaimed for "Uebermensch" of the future, when the eclipse of his intellect came, and he sank into eternal night.

Between the "Birth of Tragedy," published in 1871, and "Antichrist," in 1889, lies the Homeric combat of a soul. Those who have not traced it phase by phase as it is recorded in Nietzsche's successive works, cannot hope to get any clear grasp of his philosophy or to estimate its significance.—Yours, &c.,

Hampstead.

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

"To a Nightingale."

SIR,—Reading your "Art on the Dissecting-Table," I am led to send you the following, written when Prof. Wm. C. Wilkinson was bold enough to tamper with the ode, "To a Nightingale":—

Alas, the Fancy cheats anew
As she of old was famed to do,
And of her victims blinder none
Than William can't C. Wilkinson.

—Yours, &c.,

St. Charles' College,
Ellicott City, Md.

JOHN B. TABB.

Children and Words.

SIR,—The paragraph in the ACADEMY concerning the coinage of words by children, reminds me of a child of my acquaintance who invariably "off"s her hat or boots or gloves, and "unparcel"s any package. "Bettren't" I have heard used by several different children.—Yours, &c.,

LINA MARSTON.

17, Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W.

"John Bunclie."

SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to the paragraph in your issue of the week before last, wherein you suggest that a reprint of Amory's "John Bunclie" would be of interest to-day. Such a reprint is at the present moment in hand with us. The book will form one of the volumes of the forthcoming series to be entitled "Half-forgotten Books," which will start, under the editorship of Mr. E. A. Baker, M.A., author of the new "Guide to Fiction," with two volumes towards the end of this month.—Yours, &c.,

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The International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers.

SIR,—The next exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers will be held in Buda Pest, opening early in April.

The British Section of the Society was last year invited by the Hungarian Society of the Fine Arts, the national, official, representative artistic body of Hungary, to make an exhibition at Buda Pest, and this was so successful, that the International Society has again been invited by the Hungarians to contribute and arrange a British Section.

Some seventy pictures, representative works of nearly all the members, were last week sent to Buda Pest; including contributions from the President, Mr. Whistler, as well as oil paintings by Messrs. Lavery, Sauter, Walton, Priestman, Muhrman, Cameron, Henry, Grosvenor, Thomas, and others; water colours by Condor and Anning Bell; lithographs by C. H. Shannon; etchings by Pennell; black-and-white by E. J. Sullivan; colour prints by Morley Fletcher; a very representative collection of much of the best work that is being done in Great Britain.—Yours, &c., for the Society,

JOSEPH PENNELL,

14, Buckingham Street, Strand. Chairman, *pro tem.*

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 180 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best brief criticism of any play, new or old. Thirty replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Eva Lathbury, Gladysholme, Didsbury, Lancs, for the following:—

"HEDDA GABLER."

Other and cleaner people than Ejlert Lövborg whisper the name of "Hedda Gabler" with cautious fascination: she embodies memories, possibilities, witcheries, degradations. But, though monstrous, she is human: though compounded of evil it is the evil flesh is heir to.

She stands naked, and too self-absorbed for shame against a clever background:—Tesman, the rock of definite and provocative disappointment; Brack, the ring-master, now coaxing, now forcing her tendencies to declare themselves; Thea, standing ineffectual and

fore-doomed between a woman's bold curiosity and a man's half-explored, sin-bespattered intelligence.

But Hedda's boldness is never courage: her pistols are for the unarmed; with the weapon of scandal at her own head she stands confessed a coward: her ferocity is for the feeble spark of noble shame, for unlicensed and timid devotion, for the humble spinster and the unborn child threatening her freedom, and yet, through all these moods she earns acknowledgment; she is consistent, possible, and we follow her irresistibly to the annihilation she aims for, on to the culminating scene of Act III., where, in a frenzy of blindness, she fancies herself at last mistress of life and its issues, the great god in the machine, for it is here she ends for us: that last act is but a burying of dead, a rubbing-in of morals: who cares for, or believes in, the ignominious touch lent to Lövborg's end, or hears the click of Hedda's property pistol? No! Hedda ended with her full and final revelation of herself, and the portrait is too convincing to be repudiated, too alarming to retain: we stumble back into everyday conditions, crying ineffectually with Brack, "but, may God take pity on us—people don't *do* such things as that!"

Other replies follow:—

"THE COUNTESS CATHLEEN."

"The Countess Cathleen" is of all Mr. Yeats' plays the most human, real, and convincing. "The Land of Heart's Desire" is an enchanted fairy play, "Where There is Nothing" an allegory, the teaching of which is obvious, for all its beauty; but "Countess Cathleen" though mediæval, is finely and universally human and spiritual, for it deals with utmost self-sacrifice not for love, but for pity, which is the very essence of Christianity.

The play is not well fitted for acting. Its dramatic crises are few; its characters, except the heroine, too shadowy; there is no relief to the deepening gloom through which Cathleen moves, and the lost souls and supernatural existences are impossible to represent. Besides, the play appeals to associations and traditions alien to the majority of theatre-goers, except in Ireland.

As a literary play, things are far otherwise. The verse has all the haunting melody and charm of the best Celtic poetry, there are some wonderfully fine soliloquies, and beauty of thought and language are indissolubly wedded in some few magnificent lines, which yet have not the obtrusive self-consciousness of "purple patches." Cathleen's restless wanderings, her awakening to the woe around her, her efforts, failure, self-surrender, and redemption, are very finely shown, especially her farewell to Heaven and the Saints. The pious old peasant women are faithful types of much that is best in Irish country folk, as the mad poet lover, who lives in the past with gods and heroes of old, typifies much in modern literary Ireland. There is strong realism and character-drawing in the bargaining peasants, and the worthless souls whose joy is to lure others to ruin, while the soul-merchants shine with lurid gleams from the land of their heart's desire.

[M. T. E., Lampeter.]

"THE ALKESTIS OF EURIPIDES."

Even the mere reading, in this late day, of the wonderful old Greek play, "that strangest, saddest, sweetest song," the Alkestis, grips at one's heart-strings with an appeal for sympathy not to be withstood. And to take oneself back, with Charles Reade's good old Pagan monk, to find the play, like some rich, long-lost jewel, replaced in its own setting—spoken under the open sky, "the audience a seated city"—this is to catch at one golden thread of that many-coloured web of glorious life.

The motive of the play finds its counterpart in all generations—the struggle of a man with himself, his downfall, his awakening, his victory, and final triumph. Admetos lets his young wife die in his own stead, bewailing her untimely fate, but blinded by selfishness to the enormity of his crime. She bids farewell to the light and leaves her children motherless. While she lies dead within the house, Herakles, bound on a journey, comes seeking quest-right; and Admetos, inconsolate, but callous still, sees with dim eyes the noble thing to do, and bids his guest enter and be of good cheer—pretending that he mourns for some strange woman. It is this spark of the man's noble nature, not wholly dead though buried deep, that brings him his happiness at last: for Herakles, learning the truth, and perceiving that better things are to be, conquers Death and brings Alkestis back. The realisation of his ignoble deed has come to Admetos in the meantime, and it is a man purged by suffering who, scarcely believing his own rapture, receives his wife again.

Made clean by suffering—victorious over self—this is the keynote of the play; this is its claim, in all ages, to comfort and uplift.

[E. L. G., Rochester.]

Competition No. 181 (New Series).

This week we offer a Prize of One Guinea for the best original opening paragraph of an unwritten novel. Length not to exceed 300 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 11 March, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Alderley (James), *Quis Habitat*..... (Brown, Langham) 1/6
Meyer (Rev. F. B.), *Jottings and Hints for Lay Preachers*..... (Melrose) net 1/0
Abbott (Edwin A.), *Contrast, or a Prophet and a Forger*..... (Blackie) net 1/6

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Wynne (Charles Whitworth), *David and Bathsheba: A Drama in Five Acts*..... (Kegan Paul) 5/0
Graves (Arnold), *Clytemnestra: A Tragedy*..... (Longmans) net 5/0
Hallett (Archer), *Daisy Ballads*..... (Gay & Bird) net 1/0
Richardson (Frederick), *Hesper and Helios and English Verses*..... (Melville & Mullen) 5/0
A Dilettante, *Seria Ludo*..... (Longmans) net 3/6
Gordon (John), *Eriuna: A Tragedy*..... (Arnold) net 3/6
Clutterbuck (Edmund H.), *A Day-Dream and other Poems*..... (") net 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Darwin (Francis) and Seward (A. C.), edited by, *More Letters of Charles Darwin*..... (Murray) net 32/0
Ellis (Wm. Ashton), *Life of Richard Wagner: Being an Authorized English version of C. F. Glasenapp's "Das Leben Richard Wagners," Vol. III.*..... (Kegan Paul) net 10/0
Pearse (Henry H. S.), edited by, *The History of Lumsden's Horse*..... (Longmans) net 21/0
Laking (Guy Francis), *The Armoury of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem*..... (Bradbury Agnew) 10/6
Gomme (George Laurence) edited by, *The Gentleman's Magazine Library: English Topography. Part XIV.*..... (Stock) 7/6
Johns (C. H. W.), translated by, *The Oldest Code of Laws in the World*..... (Clark) net 1/6
De la Rey (Mrs. General), *A Woman's Wanderings and Trials during the Anglo-Boer War*..... (Unwin) 2/6
Mackintosh (H.), *The World's Epoch-Makers: Hegel and Hegelianism*..... (T. & T. Clark) Official Report of the Nature-Study Exhibition and Conferences 1902..... (Blackie) net 2/6
Dixon (W. Willmott), *Dainty Dames of Society*..... (Blackie) net 2/0
Ward (Bernard), arranged by, *St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury, His Life as told by Old English Writers. Part XIV.*..... (Sands) net 6/0
Harting (Johanna H.), *Catholic London Missions*..... (") net 7/6
Moryson (Fynes), *Shakespeare's Europe. Edited by Hughes (C.)*..... (Sherratt & Hughes) net 15/0
Pemberton (T. Elgar), *The Life of Bret Harte*..... (Pearson's) 16/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Schopenhauer (Arthur), *The Basis of Morality*..... (Sonnenschein) 4/6
Sandlands (J. P.), *Fallacies in Present-Day Thought*..... (Stock) net 6/0
Welby (V.), *What is Meaning?*..... (Macmillan) 6/0

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Abbott (G. F.), *The Tale of a Tour in Macedonia*..... (Arnold) net 14/0

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Baker (Ernest A.), *A Descriptive Guide to the Best Fiction. British and American*..... (Sonnenschein) net 8/6
Barwick (G. F.), compiled by, *The Pocket Remembrancer of History and Biography*..... (Eyre & Spottiswoode) 2/6
Praga (Mrs. Alfred), *What to Wear and When to Wear it*..... (Newnes) 3/6
Druery (Chas. T.), *The Book of British Ferns*..... (Newnes) net 1/0
Sheppard (Arthur), *How to Become a Private Secretary*..... (Unwin) 1/0
McKenzie (F. A.), *Famishing London*..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6
Hloom (J. Harvey), *Shakespeare's Garden*..... (Methuen) 7/6
Earle (Mrs. C. W.), *A Third Pot-Pourri*..... (Smith Elder) 12/6
Organ (T. A.) and Thomas (A. A.), *Education Law*..... (Butterworth) net 1/0
Tremayne (Harold), *The A.B.C. of the Horse*..... (Drane) 1/0
Five of the Latest Utterances of Frederick Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury..... (Macmillan) net 1/0
M. C. and G. de S. W., *Confidences*..... (Limpus) 3/6
Quick (Jonathan), *Gulliver Joe*..... (Labister) net 1/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Loane (George G.), *Livy. Book XXII.*..... (Blackie) 2/6
Scholle (W.) and Smith (G.), *Elementary Phonetics*..... (Blackie) net 2/6
Clarke (G. H.) & Murray (C. J.), *A Primer of Old French*..... (Blackie) 2/6
Thiemo (D.), edited by, *Selections in Verse by Heinrich Heine*..... (") 0/6
Ash (E. F.), edited by, *Select Poems by Körner*..... (") 0/6
Cran (Alex.), *Scenes edited by, Racine's Berenice*..... (") 0/4

NEW EDITIONS.

- Hardy (Thomas), *Jude the Obscure*..... (Macmillan) 3/6
Thackeray (W. Makepeace), *The Irish Sketch Book*..... (Dent) net 3/0
Lytton (Lord), *Night and Morning*..... (Newnes) leather, net 3/0
Kerner and Oliver, *The Natural History of Plants. Part 9.*..... (Blackie) net 1/6
The Temple Bible: *Ecclesiasticus*..... (Dent) net 1/0
Laudet (Alphonse), *Port Tarascon*..... (Low) 3/6
Beeching (H. C.), *Lyra Sacra*..... (Methuen) 2/0
Green (John Richard), *A Short History of the English People. Part 19*..... (Macmillan) net 0/6
Year Book for the Episcopal Church in Scotland for 1903..... (St. Giles' Printing Co.) net 2/0
Dabble (G. H. R.), *"Ugly" A Hospital Dog*..... (Cox) 1/0
Bradshaw's *Through Routes and Overland Guide*..... (Bradshaw's Guide Office) net 6/0

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

A new book by the late Mr. Max Müller is being prepared by Messrs. Longmans. It is called "The Silesian Horsekeeper" ("Das Pferdebürle"): Questions of the Day answered by F. Max Müller, with a preface by Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter. This is a translation of a work which was published some years back in Germany, but which is now for the first time translated into English. It consists of a controversy on religion carried on between Prof. Max Müller and an unknown correspondent in America.

Messrs. A. and C. Black will publish shortly "The Diary of a Turk," a volume dealing with social, political and religious matters in Turkey, and containing a considerable amount of information on subjects frequently misunderstood in this country. The author is H. Halid Effendi, M.A., M.R.A.S., who, after having retired from the service of the Sultan's government on account of his liberal views, settled in England. Mr. H. Halid is now teacher of Turkish to student interpreters (for the Levant) in the University of Cambridge.

"Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," by the late Clarence King, has long been out of print. A new edition is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin next week. Its author was not only an eminent geologist, but a writer with considerable literary gifts.

Lady Butler's book on the Holy Land, shortly to be issued by Messrs. Black, consists of letters written to the author's mother, and is illustrated by reproductions of her water-colour drawings done in the course of an Easter pilgrimage. This is Lady Butler's first appearance as a writer, and almost her first appearance as a landscape artist. The drawings are reproduced in colour.

Messrs. Methuen are about to issue a little book entitled "The Education Act—and After," by H. Hensley Henson. In this little work Canon Henson renews the earnest appeal which he recently made in the pulpit of Westminster Abbey to the Nonconformists to unite with the English Churchmen in working the Education Act.

Mr. Bourdillon's new translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette" will be published in a few days by Messrs. Kegan Paul. It varies a good deal from the well-known translation which he made some years ago.

Mr. Edward Arnold has just completed arrangements for the publication of "The Memoirs of M. de Blowitz." Contrary to the general belief, M. de Blowitz had been engaged for some time before his death in putting into shape for publication some of the more remarkable incidents of his career as Paris Correspondent of the "Times." The book is being arranged by his adopted son, M. St. Lauzanne de Blowitz, the Editor of "Le Matin."

A fully illustrated "Popular History of the Free Churches" is to be published early in March by Messrs. James Clarke & Co. The author is the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, of Kensington.

Messrs. Skeffington and Son, publishers to the King, who have carried on business in Piccadilly for more than half a century, are removing on March 18th to much larger and more convenient premises at 34, Southampton Street, Strand, as their old premises in Piccadilly will shortly be pulled down.

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